

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

No. 7.

APRIL 1, 1898.

Vol. XXXIII.

HOLINESS
TO THE
LORD

• DESIGNED
FOR THE
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OF THE
YOUNG

GEORGE Q.
CANNON
EDITOR

SALT LAKE
CITY
UTAH

PUBLISHED
SEMI-MONTHLY



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RUPTURE.

SALT LAKE CITY, August 5th, 1896.

To Whom it may Concern:

This is to certify, that I, Joseph Warburton, being a sufferer for more than 30 years with hernia, after using several different kinds of trusses I only received temporary relief. About eight years ago I underwent an operation, the doctor using the knife, I only received relief for the time being. On June 20th I went to the Fidelity Rupture Cure Co. and had their truss fitted to me and received my first treatment. I wore the truss night and day for five weeks and took six treatments. On July 25th I was discharged as cured and received my Certificate of Cure which is a guarantee for future exigencies.

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(Mention this Paper.)

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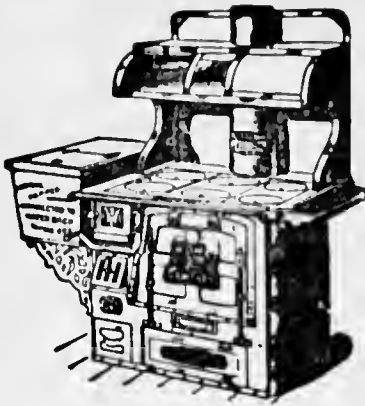
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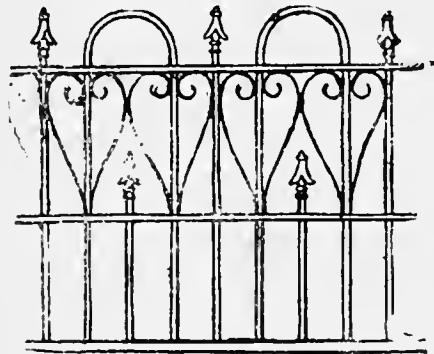
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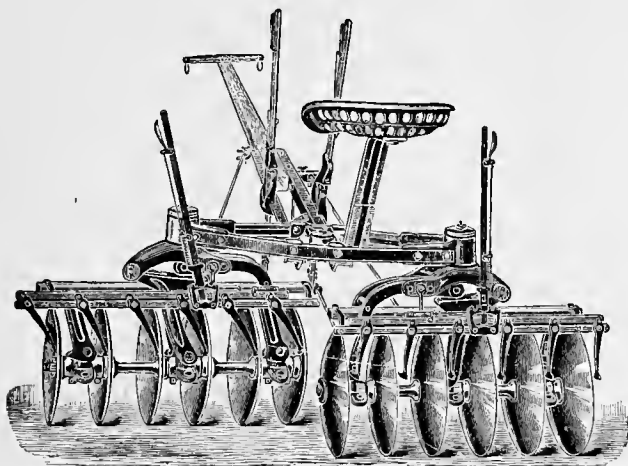
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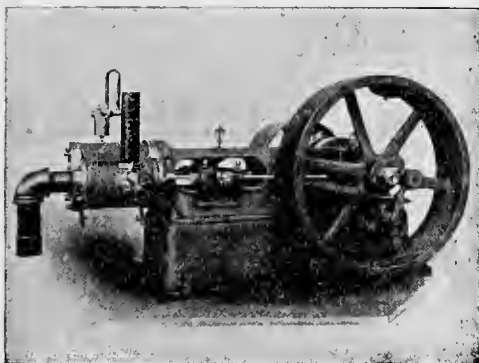
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Large Comfort size, handsome as reed can make it; \$7.50; this week—\$3.65.

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With brass feet, good style, strongly built, nice card table, a very useful article, regular value \$3.50; this week—\$1.85.

HIGH BACK ROCKEE.

Wood seat, brace arm, an excellent nurse or sewing rocker, regular price \$1.75; this week—\$.95.

COMFORTS,

Good size, close-out price reduced this week to—\$.98.

HIGH-GRADE THREE-PIECE BEDROOM SUITE, Oak, with quarter-sawed oak pannels, 24-30 bevel mirror, pretty style, large size Washstand—knocks out anything seen in this market. Regular value \$25, this week—\$15.65.

IRISH POINT LACE CURTAINS,

Full length and width, fit for a palace, greatest value offered in this line. Regular price \$6.50; this week—\$2.89.

Our yard wide GRANITE CARPET, a wonder of its kind, regular 50c, this week—\$.29.

PARLOR SUIT,

Five pieces overstuffed, in nice design Tapestry, extremely good value at \$35, this week—\$20.85.

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IN THE LAND OF THE CZAR.

VII.

THE first break of any importance in the course of our railway journey after leaving Moscow was made at the little village of Batraki, near Syzran, on the Volga. Here the train remained at rest for a day and a night, during which time we went by steamer down stream

to Kachpour, and also some distance in the opposite direction, thus securing excellent opportunity of viewing the river which ranks first among Russian streams. Even at this distance, — more than seven hundred miles

from it's mouth, the Volga is of great size, and presents by the slow descent of its mighty volume a spectacle truly majestic. It is sometimes described as the largest river in Europe; it is, in fact, the longest and widest of European streams. yet owing to the aridity of part of the region through which it flows, the Volga loses much of its strength through evaporation, and discharges less water than does any one of several other

ivers. The entire length of the river is about 2,110 miles; it heads not far from St. Petersburg, and flows to the Caspian Sea, draining in its course an area of 648,000 square miles, within which a population of more than forty millions is supported.

The importance of waterways to a country as poorly supplied with railroads as is Russia, and the great extent

to which rivers and artificially constructed canals are utilized, have been already noted. Here at Syzran, and at places which we subsequently visited, still farther up the stream, the Volga was seen to carry an enormous amount of traffic. Many pas-

senger steamers, of fine construction and excellent accommodations, ply between the more important towns along its banks, while barges and freight boats form an almost continuous procession. At the time of our visit, most of the cargo boats were laden with the merchandise of Astrakhan, the principal Russian port on the Caspian, and were making their way to Nijni Novgorod, which is the city of the great Fair in the interior.



BRIDGE OF THE TRANS-SIBERIAN RAILWAY, OVER THE VOLGA, ABOVE BATRAKI.

Petroleum is the common fuel of steamboats and railway engines in these parts. It must be remembered that the oil industry of the Caspian region is very extensive, and that while but a small part of the product is exported, the demands of a very large home consumption are met. Oil boats are anchored at convenient places along the river; and from these the traveling vessels renew their stock of liquid fuel. The barges are towed up the river by little oil-burning steamers, sometimes four or more of these heavily freighted vessels being pulled by a single tug of insignificant size. The freight boats, both empty and laden, descend with the current, making slow but comparatively inexpensive progress.

Timber is the principal material sent down the river, and this is conveyed as rafts, ranging from three hundred to four hundred and fifty feet in length. The slow journey from the northern forests to the Caspian occupies many weeks, and the timbermen with their families take up their abode on these rafts for the season; they build little huts, and perhaps add a summer house with seats and other conveniences; erect poles and stretch clothes-lines, and so establish a regular system of home life on the floating timbers.

The peasants construct for local use, a clumsy yet serviceable sort of boat, deep and of high curvature, capable of holding from a hundred to two hundred persons. Such a boat is propelled by long oars, usually assisted by a single square sail. A boat load of peasants, out for pleasure, presents a pretty sight, particularly if viewed from a distance. The carmine shirts of the men, and the similarly glaring dresses of the women, with here and there a variation in blue, suggests the thought of a vessel

full of flowers. About six miles above Batraki we came to the great bridge by which the trans-Siberian railway spans the Volga. The first picture presented herewith offers a good view of this structure. It is four thousand five hundred feet in length, and is supported by twelve piers of masonry at a height of about a hundred and fifty feet above the water. The massive buttresses, one of which is seen at the base of each pier, are all directed up-stream; they are of solid construction, and present to



PEASANT GROUP, GOVERNMENT OF SIMBIRSK.

the current a blade-like edge. They operate as ice wedges during the breaking-up season which follows the long and severe winter. But for some such protection, the bridge would be swept away by the terrible pressure of the first ice-pack. To the geologist there is much of interest in this immediate neighborhood. Aside from the instructive features of the present river course, there are excellent exposures of Carboniferous and Permian rocks, many of them filled with fossils well preserved. Some of the formations are saturated with asphaltum, a substance which occurs in extensive deposits, of great value, far-

ther down in the Caspian area. Of the people inhabiting these parts, a few pictures have been given in previous articles; let us make a single addition to the number here. Our second illustration is that of a peasant group of the government of Simbirsk, in which the town of Syzan is situated.

Another halt was made at Samara, also on the Volga, and from this point we ascended the river, reaching the Hills of Jegouli and the Mountain of the Czar. Aside from the very instructive geological formations which were visited and examined, one of the most interesting places in the course of this side trip, was the Kumiss Cure Resort, to which many of the well-to-do class of people go every summer, to enjoy the pleasant and healthful surroundings and to drink kumiss,* which is there obtainable in the best condition. This beverage is nothing but the highly fermented milk of mares and asses; and great herds of these animals are regularly milked to meet the demand for this favorite drink. Among the Tartar tribes of the south-east, kumiss is the only artificially prepared beverage in common use, and the taste for it has spread to the upper and aristocratic classes. The drink is refreshing and wholesome, and of it our American kumiss, which is produced by fermenting slightly sweetened cow's milk, is but a poor imitation. Yet I believe the taste for kumiss must be a cultivated one.

Our course of travel lay for a time through the region of the famed "black earth," known specifically as the Tchernozoum.† This name is applied to an

extensive area of fine dark soil, which in some parts is really black. Only the upper layer ranging in thickness from three to fifteen feet, and in exceptional regions reaching a depth of from thirty to sixty feet, is of this nature, the subsoil being of varied but ordinary composition. The black soil has probably been formed in place by the alteration of surface deposits enriched by the products of vegetable decay through long ages. It is noted for its richness, and the ease with which it may be cultivated; indeed, the region of its occurrence is counted among the most fertile sections of the vast empire. Chemical analysis proves the presence of abundant plant food in the best possible condition for absorption and use by the growing crops. Throughout its entire depth the soil is of the finely divided state and of the loose texture seen on the surface; it is free from roots, stones, and all other obstructions to the plow; and it yields its crops year after year without artificial fertilizing. The only other soil thus far named as bearing close resemblance to this rich humus, is the best of the virgin earth from the great prairies of our own country. James Caird, M. P., an English writer, published a description full of praise of our prairie lands; yet, says Prof. Piazzzi Smyth,

chernozem, *tchernayzem*, and *tchornosjom* are authorized by recent dictionary usage; and still other spellings are employed by good writers; e. g. *tchernoziom*, *tschernozem*, and *tchornozem*. It is common to find words that have been Anglicized from the Russian, spelled in our language each in many ways. This lack of uniformity is due to the fact that the Russ is largely a phonetic language and that many a sound which in our tongue is expressed by a combination of letters, is represented by a single character in Russ; and moreover, many of the Russian sounds cannot be accurately expressed by any combination of English letters. Each translator or writer seeks to represent in his own way what appears to him to be the best approach to the pronunciation in the original.

*Kumiss, sometimes written in English, *koumis*, *koumys*, *kumys*, or *kounyys*

†This term is derived from a pair of Russian words, *chernuii*, meaning black, and *zemlya*, earth, and the spelling given above is a partial representation of the native pronunciation. But the word appears in our literature and in many varied forms; of these, *tchernozem*,

"while he has been eager in praising their fertility as well as their suitability to instant and unlimited corn-raising, and has compared them to the plains of Lombardy, and the *carses* of Scotland, it is strange that he has not mentioned their still closer resemblance to the tchernoziem of Russia. Yet while he is describing 'the millions of acres of land more or less undulating, covered with grass only, not trees, inexhaustible in fertility, and the soil consisting externally of a rich black mould, with sufficient sand to make it friable, the 'surface' varying in depth from twelve inches to several feet,' he seems to be describing the Russian prairie territory itself, and the resemblance is even closer when he comes to the chemical constituents."

The black-earth area includes the valleys of the Don, the Dneiper, and the Volga, in all nearly a hundred and ninety-eight millions of acres, "a good-sized European kingdom" in extent, or as sometimes stated in comparison, double the size of France. Apart from the continuous area, small isolated patches of the same rich earth are found in the central and southern parts of Russia-in-Europe, and these are known as black-earth islands.

While the soil is so admirably adapted to the growth of grasses and grains, it is seemingly unfitted to support trees; and the tchernoziem passes by degrees into the great treeless plains known as the steppes. The black-earth region lies between the great forests of the north and the steppes of the south and east, and merges into the condition of each of these bounding areas, different as they are from one another. Indeed the forest mould of the north is of a dark color, and in some other respects it resembles the typical black earth already described, yet differing in many points

of physico-chemical constitution; and, as there is none but negative evidence concerning the former existence of forests within the tchernoziem area, the forest soil and the black earth proper must be regarded as of different origin.

In general all the treeless plains of southern Russia are known as steppes as the frozen marsh-plains of the north, both in European and in Asiatic Russia, are called tundras. Of the great steppes, varying and almost contradictory accounts have been given by travelers,



VIEW OF THE TRANS-VOLGIAN STEPPES WITH
TRAIN IN FOREGROUND.

and such diversity of description is probably due to the changing aspects of the steppes at different seasons. Generally the appearance of these apparently boundless plains is one of utter desolation; yet during the short spring and summer season the region is an unbroken flower bed. The accompanying photograph will convey a fair idea of the aspect of the steppes as seen from the northern boundary. This picture was taken by a member of our party, and it shows in the foreground part of the train on which we crossed the steppes by the trans-Siberian railway.

J. E. Talmage.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

COUSIN JACK IN LONDON.

Jack Indulges in Statistics.

"The world is too much with us, late and soon,
getting and spending."—*Wordsworth.*

OPEN air London on a wet day, viewed through the windows of a comfortable room, is veritably a most doleful place.

One wonders from whence the greasy mud that covers the streets comes, seeing that every inch of the streets and sidewalks has been paved for scores of years. Mud, mud, everywhere, thin, liquid mud; the legion of horses place their shovel-like hoofs down with an effect of giving all and everyone within a prescribed radius a liberal mud bath; the luckless police who patiently stand in the centre of the streets regulating the traffic seem to come off the worst in this respect, so consequently clothe themselves from chin to instep in a suit of rubber that will bear having the hose turned upon them at the end of their day's work. The vista of the streets as viewed from the second story of our hotel seemed to be one endless procession of dripping umbrellas, bobbing and scurrying along as though their owners had but a moment to spare.

"Well, we can't do much sightseeing today, Jack, that is certain, in this 'beastly' weather, as the Englishman would say," observed mamma; "for we are not obliged to be out in the wet like all those people who have to earn a living, and are now hurrying to their offices, warehouses, or stores."

"Papa, how ever do all these people of this great city make a living? Why I know at home they are all the time saying that too many people are crowding into the cities, and the same cause is the effect of there being so much misery and poverty prevalent," I said.

"Well, the same holds good over here. People imagine that they can do better in large cities than in the country. In some cases they can, for there is always room at the top of the ladder the world over, but then it is well known that we only hear of the successful man, while the despairing cry of the ninety-nine who fail is never heard."

"But where all these people get money from to trade in the thousands of stores puzzles me. London, as you said at breakfast, has practically no factories of any large dimensions, and if anyone were to ask for what the great city were famous, no particular industry could be named, yet the people who are now hurrying along are nearly all well dressed, and seventy-five out of every hundred wear plug hats."

"Well, you must know, Jack, that London is the great trading center of the world, and although she manufactures no goods to speak of, there is not a manufacturer of any moment in the civilized world but who is represented among the thousands of offices that crowd the city. Of course, each office has to have its agents, drummers, et al. To illustrate the idea I wish to convey, you see this advertisement in the paper. Well, here is a firm of dry-goods or drapers, as they style themselves, and you see they claim to have sold twelve and a quarter million pairs of gloves last year. But just let me give you an idea of the money that is spent in this city every day on those necessities, comforts, and luxuries that are required through the twenty-four hours, and the demands for which return with the rising sun. As we are in England, of course we must speak of pounds, shillings, and pence. Every day there are spent in London a quarter of a million pounds (or \$1,250,000); at least,

so states my authority, the *Daily Mail*. Now, with regard to this tremendous sum no attention is paid to expenditures for clothing, rent, taxes, furniture, or kindred items of expense that are always cropping up. Every one of these people you see hurrying along possibly takes milk in some shape or form with his breakfast, and while he is lying comfortably in his bed, and turns over for just 'one more forty winks,' the milkmen are busy going from house to house leaving the morning's milk. By the time he sits down to table these busy milkmen have distributed some 652,000 quarts of lacteal fluid, so before Mr. Londoner arises from his table in the morning he has poured down his throat some \$50,000 worth of milk; but his troubles are only commencing. While he has been sleeping thousands of men have been working all night setting up, printing, distributing and selling the newspapers that tell Mr. Londoner how the world has been behaving itself lately. The papers issued, if spread out flat, would cover Salt Lake City completely, and leave a few copies over into the bargain. Down he goes into his pockets again, and pulls out £5,100, just to know how stocks are progressing, or whether parliament did anything in particular yesterday. Of course as Mr. Londoner lives mostly out in the suburbs in his villa, terrace or mansion, he has to come into town, and generally has a season ticket on the railroads, but not so on the busses and trams. He must get to his desk, counter, bench or other place of business. He is not fond of walking except for short distances; besides, if he were, he would not have the time, so he rides; this little trip every day costs him in the neighborhood of some £26,100. So you can see, Jack, that the money is beginning to circulate, and

this great problem you had in your mind is beginning to work out. But we really haven't started yet. Our friends the cabmen and hack-drivers begin to pick up their fares, and when they go home tonight they will take with them, provided they don't spend it in drink, £5,000.

"Then those funny-looking, red-coated shoeblacks that you were criticising yesterday polish up Mr. Londoner's shoes to the tune of £250 each day, despite the fact that every self-respecting Londoner generally allows the hired girl to clean his shoes at home ere he sallies forth in the morning. The street beggars, too, receive about half that sum, for he, taken all in all, has a kind heart. But it is essentially when he eats that he shines. Johnny Bull is noted the world over for his gastronomic feats. He emphatically shines as an eater; he lives well with variations. These, of course, cover the extreme limits from a meal that costs a few farthings to several pounds. He eats every day and hour, and how his fare does differ, from that of a starving wretch who craves for a crust to a bloated, satiated epicure, who sighs for new dishes to tickle his palate and storms at his highly paid *chef* when the same are not forthcoming. The Londoner lives to eat and eats to live. He weakens his system in one direction with a paucity of food, while in another he throws away bread; his left hand begs from his right, so to speak. He has supplies without end, waiters by thousands, cooks galore, and palatial dining-rooms; yet he often lives upon the crumbs that fall from the table. In the East End, where we went the other night, he, yes, sometimes eats a farthing meal, while in the West he nightly sits down and opens the menu with a plate of soup that costs thirty shillings. But

he pays, pays, all the time. Each second his hand goes down into his pockets to pay for food. The £10,416 worth of milk left at his door every morning is the product of 160,000 cows. You see, Jack, there are quite a number of people employed even to milk cows. Ere he goes to bed at night he has eaten 1,400,000 pounds of meat, 2,000,000 loaves of bread, and £15,000 worth of butter. His potatoes have cost him £5,208, his sugar £3,906, his tea bill over £10,500, and his coffee three-quarters of that sum. Let us try to realize for a few moments how much good might be accomplished if Mr. Londoner but kept the Word of Wisdom, just for one day each week, say, and gave the proceeds to help the poor. From first to last he spends close upon half a million dollars upon himself during the course of a day, upon things he would be ever so much the better without. Just one day a week and at the end of the year he would have saved close upon \$25,000,000, which he could reinvest for himself or donate to the poor as he thought fit. But no, he must be every second pouring something "down his throat to steal away his brains." As a natural consequence he gets hauled up before the "beak," because he is unable to even stagger home, but is found lying drunk across the pavement. In his drinking he is very similar to his eating; at the East End of the modern Babylon he pays his twopence for a pewter pot of beer, and faintly imagines that he is having a good time. While at the West End club he often pays a sovereign for a bottle of wine, that quenches his thirst no more. It is a matter of pure conjecture which beverage he likes the better, for he becomes intoxicated upon the one as often as the other. Still it all costs money, and whether the Londoner has

his beer drawn from the barrel in the publichouse or from the bottle that has been brought across the sea from France and the continent, he spends just about £50,000, or a quarter of a million dollars upon alcoholic drinks of various kinds each day. And, by-the-bye, you know how light cork is. In England every year there are needed 70,000 tons of cork to cork up the bottles of beer and aerated waters consumed annually. Mr. Londoner, you see, pays more for drink than he does for bread even. Is that not a terrible thing to contemplate? Yes, he also spends just as much in tobacco as he does in bread also. Just look out of the window and you will observe that every three out of four men hurrying along have pipes in their mouths. Puff, puff, the livelong day; his pipe is never out, his cigarette is ever alight, and his cigar in full blast. He smokes, as you know, in nearly all places and at all times, regardless of the likes or dislikes of his neighbors; he consumes more tobacco than he does meat. Just as soon as he ceases to eat or drink he must smoke, and last night I saw a man at a restaurant trying to accomplish all three at once. Tobacco, like wine, differs in quality; but whether he is smoking the cheapest possible tobacco or is drawing smoke through a cigar that costs him three or four shillings, it all has to be paid for. Each day Mr. Londoner parts with £22,500 for tobacco. He goes nightly to bed without a thing to show for the outlay save a furred tongue and a feeling of nausea. One hundred and twenty-two thousand dollars gone up in smoke. It sounds like a fire sale, doesn't it?

"Then of course he must be amused so there are scores of attractions for his special edification. Over £9,000 is spent in amusements each evening.

Add to these few items a couple of thousand pounds he gives away in the 5,000 restaurants in tips to the waiters. Well, Jack, one could go on and enumerate item after item regarding the money that Mr. Londoner pays from his right hand into his left every day. Of course one can only guess at the amount of coin he squanders in betting and gambling, for there is no infallible rule to obtain the same, for Mr. Londoner is very reticent regarding that part of his shady existence; but you can imagine he daily wastes a vast amount. Thus you see one lives off another, and the same holds good regarding men as it does in the insect world. Who does not remember that quotation from the Bigelow papers:

'Great fleas have little fleas
Upon their backs to bite 'em
And little fleas have lesser fleas
And so on ad infinitum.

"Well, of course, papa, now you explain matters, it is easy to see how all these people gain a livelihood."

"Here are a few more items for you to put down in your note-book, Jack. The expenses of a London season, during the three or four months that fashion holds sway, is estimated at from fourteen to sixteen millions sterling, not dollars but pounds, and also that more than thirty-five gallons of ink are estimated to be used each day in letter-writing alone in London. With all the wealth prevalent in the great metropolis, London contains a quarter of a million working women, whose individual earnings do not average more than one shilling (twenty-four cents) per day. Thousands have no homes to go to at all, and over 40,000 are sheltered every night in the common lodging houses of London, people who do not even possess two coats or a change of linen.

"Oh how horrible!"

"Yes, and it is stated that there are over 50,000 families who have amongst them all but one room to each family. Yes, London is growing annually, for there are 10,000 new houses built every year to accommodate the 150 people who marry in London daily. Every day in this great city 250 children enter school for the first time; but some six hundred infants every year never live to see the day when they will be able to go to school; for a well-known coroner recently stated that the above number were suffocated in bed yearly in the metropolis, mostly by drunken mothers."

"For goodness sake!" broke in mamma, do give the conversation a more cheerful turn."

"Well," laughed papa, "the weather is always a stranded conversationalist's last resource, and I verily believe that it is going to behave itself and actually cease storming. What do you say, mamma, if you go and put on your things and we three go and explore the mysteries of the British Museum, which, if I remember rightly, is about ten minutes' walk from here.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE EVOLUTION OF THE KITE.

PERHAPS no pastime possesses more genuine pleasure and fascination for the average boy than kite-flying. To see the light-framed creature made by his hand soaring aloft on the eager wings of the breezes fills him with a certain sense of triumph and excitement. The popularity of this occupation—regarded merely as a pastime—may be fully judged by its antiquity, its origin dating to remote ages of time. The exact source cannot be traced, but kites were used in Japan and China since time immemorial, so that the small boy of today who races

against the wind piloting with an end of string a paper bark floating serenely in the air high above his head, had probably his prototype in the yellow-skinned urchins of the Mongolian kingdoms in centuries dating long before the Christian era, as he also will have, probably, his followers in the boys of the coming ages, though the kite-flying of the future, perhaps, will be upon a more ambitious scale than either the past or present yet has known.

The origin of the kite had its cause probably in the observance of the flight of birds and insects through the air, the Chinese and Japanese kites mostly having the shapes of doves, owls, bats, etc., the early inventors being doubtless ambitious of imitating the "winged denizens of the air" with handiwork of their own contrivance, though these imitations were intended merely as toys, and not as inventions of more recent date in this line have shown, with a desire to emulate the achievement itself. Kites were, indeed, long considered and constructed as toys merely, and it is only within comparatively recent time that their use has been devoted to more important purposes.

The first important use to which they were put was that of the experiment of Benjamin Franklin in 1852, by which his theory of the identity of electricity and lightning was proven true. With the design of testing this, he constructed a framework of two light cross sticks of cedar, covered with a silken handkerchief, with ends fastened to the four extremities. A sharp-pointed wire extended a foot above the top of the upright stick, and a silk ribbon was tied to the end of the string which held the kite; and a key suspended at the juncture of the twine and silk, at the end next the hand. This formed a suitable

conductor for an electric current, and one day early in June, 1852, Franklin, taking advantage of a thunder storm, which made a favorable opportunity for his trial-test, went forth with his son to make the experiment. Flying his kite on the breeze, Franklin applied his knuckles to the key suspended at the end of the silken string and awaited developments; and no sooner had the kite reached a certain altitude than he was rewarded by experiencing an electric spark, which, as soon as the string became wet by the passing storm, developed into an abundant current.

The news of his discovery created a profound sensation among the scientific minds of Europe, and as a proof of distinction the Royal Society awarded him one of the great medals created for eminent discoveries in science. His discovery was the foundation for all the important experiments that have since been made in that especial line, and they owe their origin and result to the use of the kite.

Since then it has been made to serve countless other useful purposes. It has been used in engineering, to carry lines to inaccessible points, and in cases of shipwreck to carry lines to shore, even establishing means of transportation by which it has been an agency of saving life. Where ships have been stranded, kites have been used successfully in hoisting them from their position, when other agencies, without their help, proved of no avail. In the government weather bureau service they have become almost indispensable in securing data in the science of meteorology. For such purposes they are made in various shapes, usually some modification of what is known as the Hargrave cellular kite, a framework somewhat in the form of an empty cube. These are sent up,

singly or in tandem, some carrying thermometers and cameras, others lifting signal lights into the clouds at night.

Outside the weather bureau, perhaps the most valuable scientific discoveries so far made with kites have been at what is known as the Blue Hill Observatory in Massachusetts. This is maintained by a Mr. Rotch, a wealthy Bostonian, who is interested in the study of meteorology, and who has seventy different kinds of kites in his observatory, which he uses to study the higher levels of the atmosphere. By means of them he has obtained elaborate records of wind, velocity, temperature, pressure and moisture up to 8,700 feet above the earth. Kite-flying, in fact, has become quite a fad for amateur as well as professional meteorologists during recent years, the weather bureau reports inducing many people to make their own observations with kites made from the designs therein published.

So widely did the kite fever spread that at one period not more than a year since, the skies in different localities in the Eastern States were alive with strange-shaped objects, the lights attached to them at night making them most conspicuous. People, ignorant of the efforts of the amateur kite-flyers, were much startled at the sight of these fleets of kites, many declaring them to be balloons or air-ships, and some even swearing to having seen human forms on the strange objects. An investigation brought forth an opinion from the weather bureau officials to the effect that it was probably some runaway kites that had gotten away from the owners. Seeing human forms on the objects, as professed by some, was in reality not an impossible thing, though in the cases described it might perhaps have been improbable. The

fact is that a human ascent has actually been made by means of kites. Lieutenant Wise, a young naval officer, was the first one to make the hazardous attempt. Desiring to make personal observations, he constructed four kites of a curious Malay pattern, invented by an expert named Eddy, and fastening them together, he made a chair of two horizontal bars placed crosswise, suspending them from ropes to the kites, and equipped with a registering thermometer and other scientific appliances, he made an ascent with the kites. The weight of the ropes, chair kites and the man on this occasion was 229 pounds, and the area of the four kites which lifted him 312 square feet. The wind was blowing seventeen miles an hour at the time of his ascent. This remarkable achievement was made January 22nd, 1897, and it is doubtful if it has since been attempted.

The balloon may be now looked upon perhaps as a development of the kite, and has been in use but a very short time as compared with the latter. The germ of the invention of balloons lay in the tests of Cavendish, in 1766, of the lightness of hydrogen gas. Prof. Black, of Edinburg, who had been interested in his experiments, suggested an envelope for this gas, believing that if enclosed in a tight covering the gas would float it in the air. Models were afterward made of paper upon a small scale, and these proving successful, hundreds of what might be called toy balloons were constructed; but it was not until 1783 that the first great basket-balloon was designed and completed. This was done by Stephen Montgolfier of Paris, and its ascension created an immense excitement, 300,000 people gathering to witness the flight of the balloon, though no human beings were

included in the ascent. Three months afterward, November, 1783, Pilater des Rosiers and the Marquis Darlanques made an ascent in a balloon, sailing across the Seine and Paris in twenty-five minutes. In the next year Prof. Blandard and an American, Dr. Jeffries, crossed the English Channel, barely escaping with their lives from the many dangers of wind, lightning, and sea.

De Rosier, the first man to make an ascent, was not so fortunate, being destined to fall a victim to his art. Attempting to cross the Channel in 1785, with a companion, he unfortunately, in trying to open a valve, tore the covering of the balloon, letting the gas escape, and both he and his companion were drowned.

There are many tragical incidents on record in the history of attempted aerial navigation; but statistics show that there have not been so many, proportionately, as in the navigation of the ocean there being for 1500 aeronauts and 1,000 ascents only fifteen lives lost.

Balloons, like kites, have played an important part in discoveries of atmospheric phenomena. In war, also, they have been employed for important purposes. In 1794, during the French Revolution, an aerostatic institution was established at Mendon, near Paris, for the purpose of keeping watch of foreign enemies by means of balloons. A balloon was present at the battle of Fleurus, fought against the Austrians, the French being able to gain precise details of forces, movements of the enemy, etc., from the vantage of their scouts stationed thus above the field. During the siege of Paris, 1870-71, when the Germans were encamped before the gates of the city, balloons were extensively used in carrying letters, and conveying people from the city. Many a

prisoner within the walls of the besieged city gained freedom by flight in these aerial cars, passing securely and silently over the heads of the enemy in the darkness of night. But though balloons have so far served important purposes, they are too unreliable to make them a safe means of transportation. There has so far been but this one model, with its globular-shaped canopy and swinging basket, and in the years that have passed since its invention few improvements have been made. Within recent years, however, the subject has commenced to occupy the attention of scientific minds. The old model of the basket balloon does not figure in the new schemes, the ambitious project with which aeronautic geniuses are busy now being no other than an air ship, to be steered by a rudder, raised, lowered, and propelled by a screw, very much upon the plan of an ocean steamer, the difference being that the forces to be used in the air ship will be electricity instead of steam, and air currents instead of waves. Edward Bellamy, in his great book, "Looking Backward," a tale of the year 2,000, gives a picture of the air-ships afloat in mid-air, carrying passengers from city to city and continent to continent, and this and other tales have given this science a great impetus, so that there are today numberless scientists at work, earnestly striving to realize the vision that the clever novelist portrayed in his book.

Bellamy, however, was far from being the originator of the air-ship. Plansaide had been designed and some parts of them experimented with as early as 1878. In that year Prof. Ritchell made an experiment with a screw propeller, that gave proof that an aerostat or air-boat can be raised or lowered with precision by a vertical screw with trifling

outlay of power. This is one point, and another, a most important one, that of material, light and yet strong enough to ensure safety, machinists declare has been found in aluminum. With proper motor power and material ensured, it is claimed that it needs only the means sufficient for conducting experiments to see the problem of aerial navigation successfully solved. The trouble so far is that few capitalists are willing to invest money in what seems a hazardous and unsafe venture, and without money the costly experiments necessary for the successful fruition of aerial navigation must remain unmade. Railways, mines, the steamboat, telegraph, telephone, etc., have had liberal aid in their development, and perhaps when the same patronage is directed towards the new art we may see as great results as have been realized from those other great and at one time equally visionary enterprises. Clarence Steadman, in an article in the *Century Magazine*, some time ago, declared that "the tramway of the air will yet be traversed by man's ingenuity." Should his prediction prove true, it is impossible almost to realize the revolution it would bring about in all the world. There would be no spot on earth so remote as to be beyond man's reach, for air is everywhere, and with its currents once at his control, he could traverse the earth from pole to pole. With a favorable current, an air-ship could travel eighty miles an hour, and reach Europe in a day and a half; and with electricity this time could be diminished.

There would be no restrictions in centers; the smallest inland town would be a port, for the waves of the ocean of air flow everywhere, and every hill would be a harbor. One's own roof-top might be his depot; and embarking at night

in Salt Lake, one might find himself in New York or New Orleans before the dawn of another day.

As for the world's great and important enterprises, it would be hard to estimate the change that would be wrought in their methods by the use of air-ships. The present modes of warfare, for instance, would of necessity become obsolete. Imagine the skies filled with squadrons, fleets of air-ships of opposing forces, bombarding each other in mid-air! Or a single one of these poised aloft above a city, dropping giant shells and torpedos to explode among the helpless citizens below! These are some of the possible visions awakened by the thought of the coming ship, though it is pleasanter and more reasonable to dwell upon the peaceful pictures outlined in Bellamy's work, with all the world at peace, and every invention of man's mind and hand devoted absolutely to the welfare, progress, and happiness of the race.

Let us hope when the new agents of navigation are perfected, if the time has not then arrived of which the novelist has written, that they may yet be instrumental in helping to bring about that period of universal peace and brotherhood of which not only novelists and poets, but also prophets and seers, have oftentimes spoken in words of prophecy.

Josephine Spencer.

If we could read the secret history of our enemies, we should find in each man's life sorrow and suffering enough to disarm all hostility.

WORK paves the only way leading to knowledge. The way is a long one, and the difficulties in it are many, but step by step it can be traversed, if labor be the guide.

A GOLD FIND.

It Was Found When Not Wanted And
Wanted When Not Found—A True
Story.

THIS is a story of a gold locality found unexpectedly and immediately and ever since lost. Such stories are common enough, because a skillful writer does not need facts to weave a plausible tale out of; but I am not in that class and must have actual occurrences to draw upon. What is herein recited actually occurred, in support whereof I shall give at least one name well known to the people of Utah, a statement of the locality as nearly as it can be done after so long a lapse of time, and the year in which the mysterious find took place.

In 1854 a party of young men were sent by Church authority to the mid-desert portion of south-western Utah, the design being to push the settlement of the Territory as far west as practicable without getting entirely out of touch with the rest of the community. It was known even at that early day that here and there was a spring and that there was at least one reliable stream of water some distance to the west in the section of country which it was designed to bring beneath the ægis of civilization, but nothing was or could be definitely known regarding the details of the *terra incognita*, the physical characteristics nor the susceptibility of the soil to the labors of the husbandman. All these things could only be determined by actual experiment, but as was customary with the Pioneers actual experiment invariably meant a certainty of variegated hardships with an ever-present uncertainty of corresponding rewards or immediate rewards of any degree or kind.

One of the band thus delegated was William Van Dyke, for some years past

a resident of this city. Altogether there were some twenty persons, but he is the only one, so far as I have been able to determine, of the party who remains in this sphere of action. The caravan consisted of good wagons drawn by mules or horses, and reasonably fair progress was made so long as the roads lasted, which was not over 200 miles a little west of south from this city. Then occurred a deflection westerly, the desert characteristics beginning at once and becoming more and more pronounced as the party advanced further and further with their animals only into the barren, trackless wastes. I have been over the ground myself, three times within recent years, after there had been more or less desultory travel of various kinds through parts of the country, and can therefore faintly imagine what it must have been when the pilgrims essayed the task of exploring and locating there. After a lapse of over forty years, with the advantages stated, it is still a section of the public domain which once traversed is ever an unpleasant memory, where only some very unusual inducement would tempt one to go again. I have previously spoken of it as being the "nothingness of nature," but this is not exactly a fitting designation. The place, or stretch of land, for nearly a hundred miles in any direction after entering it from the east, is not known to contain a stream of water, although a spring or two have been discovered in all but inaccessible retreats toward the summits of the jagged and acclivitous hills which jut out in broken ranges at various points into the plain; a man or an animal would lose his life looking for such water, unless he knew exactly where to go, which could only be the case through his having been there before, as

no one can describe an exact locality there unless it be possessed of some prominent peculiarity. Add to this the significant fact that not a bird, nor a rabbit, nothing that lives except the lizard, which grows to considerable proportions, has an abiding place in that dreary stretch of forbidding landscape, while the sand is everywhere, except where irregular volcanic rocks, in places an acre broad and so rough that a wagon cannot be drawn across them, appear; this sand is fine and deep, and to make travel with a wagon a still more exasperating performance, is thickly studded with a sort of stunted brush, of no use to man or beast, and serving but the one purpose of making travel with any kind of vehicle well nigh out of the question except where there is some sort of road, this being a luxury rarely found and when found, oftener than otherwise running but a very short distance in the direction the traveler wants to go. This is not nothingness; it is the very quintessence of a most undesirable something and is what, less the far-apart roads, the comparatively near-by adjuncts of civilization, and plus large numbers of Indians more or less hostile and the inability to obtain any kind of information without acquiring it by experience, the people spoken of had to encounter for what must have seemed a long time. In reality, it was two or three months, although the whole spring and summer were consumed before a return home was made. Of course some little prospecting of other places was had, in the course of which the ground whereon, a quarter of a century later, the great Horn Silver mine was discovered was passed over. They recked not of the great treasures so near at hand, that they actually thrust themselves out of the otherwise barren soil as if inviting the invaders of the

territory which up to this time had been theirs with no one to dispute their sway to come and take possession; but if the true character of the jutting boulders with all that they contained and led to had been known, and understood, it is very doubtful indeed if any fragment of the precious rocks would have been displaced, except it might have been for re-



WM. VAN DYKE.

minders of the occasion and the time. The travelers were not in quest of silver or gold either, or they might have had an abundance of both as the foregoing and the sequel tend to show.

Once the band ran out of water and must have suffered greatly, even if none had perished, but for the friendly offices of some Indians, who were not on terms

of amity with all white people by any means. About the central portion of the desert is an eminence called by some the White Mountain and by others Crystal Peak. It is not a mountain, nor is it white or crystalized, but it is a very light clay, probably the product of volcanic ashes which were vomited forth from some neighboring crater, of which there may have been several, judging from the physical characteristics of the surrounding country. The same kind of thing appears spread out over the plain in various places contiguous to the peak but if the theory herein presented is correct—and it may be a long way from it, as I am not a geologist nor a scientist in any degree—the volcano while pouring out most of its uncorked wrath in one particular spot did some little scattering in which it may have been assisted by winds and other agencies. All around and about this peak is a dry, dreary waste, yet the Indians were able to take the men to a place where from a bluff a very insignificant quantity of water trickled down. The red men on the elevation sent down one end of a lariat to which a bucket was attached and then hauled up, being returned full of the precious fluid. By this means the home-seekers were enabled to continue their journey westward, and in a reasonable time their wanderings brought them to a spur of low hills descending with tolerable rapidity from a greater range to the valley beneath. Here or near by they made an important discovery, it being a pool of comparatively fresh water formed by the constant contributions of two or three very small streams which headed somewhere up in the adjacent hills. Although by a judicious system of husbanding enough water might have been had through the summer season for irrigation and other

purposes, it was a rather precarious proposition; anyway, there was no location made and the party decided to move on. Before doing so, however, an incident occurred which may be called the main-spring of this article, and which it was expected would be reached much earlier when the present writing began.

One day three of the party were out from camp some little distance, probably rounding up their grazing animals, and stopped for a time to rest upon the banks of a little gully leading from the nearest hills, that was probably active in wet or thawing weather but at the time spoken of was quite dry. While talking over matters and things one of the men, in an abstracted sort of way, kicked a soft-looking boulder about the size of an ordinary fist, with his boot-heel, the blow causing the rock to break apart in several pieces. Their attention was then attracted to some glittering particles thickly studding the fragments, and their first impression (as is usual in such cases) was that the shining spectacles were gold, yet they were much brighter than anything of that kind the men had ever seen. They did not look for more for three reasons: That might have been the only rock of the kind anywhere near there, it having undoubtedly washed down from some distance beyond and above and its search would have involved a great deal of time and labor; having had no experience in such pursuits, the chances were several to one that their quest would be fruitless; and they were not there for that purpose. So dividing up the fragments of the rock among themselves they went on their way. A sample of it was subsequently shown to President Young, who at that time gave no encouragement to mining or hunting for precious metals for reasons which are at last understood and ap-

proved of by all right-minded people. He at once released the brethren from that part of their mission and requested them not to go to the place any more, a request which I believe has been faithfully respected by every one of the party.

I was once the possessor, through Mr. Van Dyke, of a portion of the rock which he brought away. The piece I got was about as large as a partridge egg, and so soft was it that everybody that got hold of it broke off a small fragment until it dwindled to the size of a pea and then was lost altogether. It was decomposed quartz of a brownish yellow hue and was as thickly beset with particles of gold from the size of a pin head down to a pin point as a Christmas pudding with Zante currants. It was a beautiful and tempting spectacle. The gold was not of the highest class—that which glitters never is—but it was probably worth fifteen dollars an ounce, and at that rate the ore must have possessed a valuation of not less than \$100,000 a ton! The specimen found had perhaps been a portion of a seam or vein which protruded from an adamantine casing, and being exposed to the action of the elements for it may have been cycles of time, had slowly decomposed, the softness eventually becoming so pronounced that the fragment fell off through its own weight. Succeeding rainfalls and thaws had then gradually conveyed it down to the lower levels where the would-be colonists found it—how long after?

Just think of it: A comfortable fortune in one ton of rock, and yet the finders pass it by as if it were nothing! Those who found it did not want it and those who want it have so far been unable to find it, as I can testify from abundant personal experience.

S. A. Kenner.

A SOCIETY BUTTERFLY.

LITTLE Pearl tossed about restlessly in her pretty white bed.

"Nurse, why doesn't mamma come?" she asked fretfully. "She promised to come tonight. I wish I could get up, I am so tired."

She pushed the silken coverlet aside, and attempted to sit up, but sank back with a low moan of pain. The nurse came quickly forward, and took her hot, restless little hand in her own.

"Are you too warm, dear? Shall nurse fan you?"

"No," jerking her hand away very impatiently. "I don't want to be fanned. I want mamma. Go away, nurse, I'm tired of you."

"Who is talking naughty to nurse?" asked a low modulated voice in a tone of displeasure, and there came into the room a tall and beautiful woman, attired in an exquisite evening gown.

"A daughter of the gods,
Divinely tall and most divinely fair."

Calmly approaching the bedside, she laid one cool, white, jeweled hand upon the child's burning brow.

"The doctor thought you were not so well tonight, but I think he is mistaken.

See how bright her eyes are, nurse, and her cheeks are anything but pale."

"It is the fever," began nurse. "It is higher tonight."

"Nonsense! You are working upon your imagination. Unless you can keep cool and collected, nurse, I shall have to get some one to take your place."

The woman drew herself up proudly, and was about to say that which she knew would cause her discharge; then her eyes rested upon the sick child, who had been in her care ever since the blue eyes first saw the light. The child loved her, if she did grow fractions and

rebellious at times. For her sweet sake she would suffer this haughty woman's injustice, and say nothing.

"Oh, mamma, I thought you would never come!" cried Pearl, seizing her mother's hand and kissing it passionately. You staid only a minute today, and said you would come back soon. Do send poor nurse away to rest for a while, and come sit by me and sing to your little Pearl."

"There, child, let me loose, you are disarranging my hair," and the fashionable society lady quickly disengaged herself from the clinging little arms. I cannot stay with you tonight, Pearl, as I have promised to go to the theatre. Now do not cry," as Pearl turned away with sobs of disappointment. "If you do I shall run right away. You know how I dislike tears. Nurse will read you to sleep, and then tomorrow I may come and—"

"Don't promise me any more," cried the child bitterly, "'cause you will not come. You've promised and promised ever since I was sick, but you never come near. You wouldn't care if I should die."

"You are an extremely naughty, selfish child," calmly responded her mother, not a muscle of her cold, icy expression relaxing; the child's sobs annoyed but did not touch her, and rising abruptly she turned to go when there was a piteous little cry of "Mamma," and one little hand clung to her dress.

A strange thrilling sensation came over her. Impulsively she bent over and kissed the flushed, tear-stained little face. Should she stay? Was not her place here by the side of her sick child who wanted her so? A gentle, loving light stole into her eyes, the mother-love was struggling for the mastery, when the sound of a voice in the hall below

caught her ear. It was a man's voice, deep and musical in tone.

"There, dear, I must go or I shall be late for the play."

"You love me, don't you, mamma?" pleaded the child. "You do love me, even if I am a naughty, selfish child?"

"It was very unbecoming in a little girl to speak so to her mother," was the evasive reply, as the queenly lady drew on her gloves. "Good-bye; nurse will see that you have everything you desire."

"Humph!" muttered nurse as the door closed, "such marble hearts never ought to be mothers. Everything she desires, indeed, when her only desire is to have her mother."

She went to the bedside and gently applied a cooling bandage to the child's fevered brow. Pearl's great expressive eyes smiled their thanks, and she softly patted the large, motherly hand which never tired of administering to her wants.

"Dear old nurse, you are so good to naughty Pearl. I was so cross to you a little while ago. Sometimes I think you are the only one who cares for poor Pearl. My mamma doesn't like to be in a sick room, but I didn't see her any oftener when I was well. Nurse, I cannot help wondering if she really does—; but never mind. Won't you read me to sleep, please? My head aches dreadfully since I cried."

Nurse obediently complied; but she might as well have read Sanscrit or any other language for all the impression it made upon Pearl. She was busy with her own sad little thoughts, her mind reverting to what had just occurred. Once she cried out as she had done when the mother had turned away so sternly; in her excitement the child unconsciously repeated her thoughts aloud. Nurse dropped her book and

cried softly to herself as the mournful little voice fell upon her ear:

"I wish she wasn't a society mamma. She is gone all the time. Some mammas stay at home with their little girls all the time. They have lots of time to love them and kiss them. How nice that would be! My mamma doesn't seem to care for such things. But then she's in society. I suppose that makes a difference. She says she doesn't like children. I wonder why she had me?"

"Aren't you sleepy, little Pearl?" asked nurse, a suspicious quiver in her voice. "You musn't think so much, it will make the fever worse."

"I know it will, but, nurse, it is here in my head, you know, and it won't stop thinking no matter how I try not to listen. Just go on reading, and then perhaps I will forget and fall off to sleep. My beautiful, proud mamma! Wasn't she lovely tonight? But I do wish she wasn't a society mamma."

The theatre was packed that night. The society queen and her escort arrived just before the rise of the curtain. Many admiring glances were directed towards the handsome pair as they slowly made their way well down in front of the orchestra.

"She is the most beautiful woman I ever saw," remarked one gentleman, with great enthusiasm, turning to a pretty little blonde who sat by his side.

"Beauty is as beauty does," quickly replied the girl, shrugging her shoulders and opening her eyes significantly. "My dear brother, keep away from yonder butterfly unless you desire your wings singed. Many a moth attired in masculine apparel has had every hope in life blasted through being bewitched by the seemingly pure and radiant light of yonder beauty."

The man laughed heartily.

"Little sis, your figures are rather mixed; but I understand them. A butterfly of society is she? A destroyer of human hearts? Has she a husband?"

"No, her husband died, leaving her a large fortune. Her little girl is lying at home dangerously ill, so they say, and she goes out just the same as ever, leaving the child to the care of the servants. Did you ever before hear of such heartless, unnatural conduct?"

The rise of the curtain prevented further talk. The play was unusually good, and the whole audience testified to its worth by their rapt attention. The woman who had been called a "society butterfly" paid little attention to the stage at first, but as the plot grew in interest she began to show more interest than was her usual wont. There was so much in the play which appealed to the human feelings; the actress was noted for her power of touching the human heart and drawing out the emotions.

As the play proceeded, there was scarcely a dry eye in the house; handkerchiefs were in demand; and now and then a half-suppressed sob could be heard. The story was an old one, but it was the way in which it was told and acted which gave it such great power over the intellect. A mother is torn away from her dying child because of the unfounded and cruel suspicions of her jealous husband. In vain she pleads to see her child once more; in vain she declares her innocence: just as they are taking her away by cruel force, the sick child raises up in its little bed, and stretches out its hands with a piteous cry of "Mamma, mamma, come back to me."

The proud, cold face of one woman had grown strangely thoughtful and sad during the play, and at this juncture

she grew white, and a slight tremor passed over her slender frame. Had the story struck home? Did she think of that other little child who perhaps was even now calling for her in those very words? As the little child upon the stage fell back dead with an agonizing cry of "Mamma" upon its lips, there came from the woman in the orchestra a heartrending sob. With flushed cheeks she whispered to her escort, and immediately they arose and left the theatre.

Meanwhile little Pearl lay with wide-open, sleepless eyes, eagerly waiting to hear mamma come back. Nurse pleaded with her to try to sleep.

"Perhaps she will not come until very late," said nurse, discouragingly. "No telling if it is nearly morning before she comes; often it is."

Pearl sighed wearily; her eyes filled.

"I know. And when my mamma does come, she forgets that there is a sick little girl hungry to see her. Oh, nurse, sometimes I feel like I was just starving, but not for food. You know how it is, don't you?"

"Yes, dear, but I love you, little Pearl."

"So you do; but I am such a selfish little girl, I want more. Oh, mamma, mamma, why don't you come!"

As if in answer to her piteous call, the door flew open, and somebody came hurriedly to the bedside and uttered a glad little cry.

"My child!" sobbed her mother, kneeling down and clasping the wasted little form in her arms. "My little Pearl! I feared—my darling, you are still here? You are not—"

"Mamma, did you think I was—" but her mother kissed her lips and would not let her finish the sentence.

A simple little play had taught her a

mother's duty; and as she knelt with those warm little clinging arms about her neck, she thanked God that she had learned the lesson ere it was too late.

Katie Grover.

STORIES FROM THE BOOK OF MORMON.

Abinadi Burned To Death.

WE told you at the end of our last story that King Noah called his priests together to decide what should be done with Abinadi. The priests said, "Bring him here that we may question him." So he was brought before them. The reason why they wanted to question Abinadi was that they might confuse him, and get him to say something for which they could condemn him. But the priests did not succeed. The Spirit of God was with Abinadi and he showed plainly how far they had departed from the ways of the Lord. He taught them with much plainness the laws of the Gospel, and uttered many prophecies with regard to the coming of the Savior and the great work God would perform in future days on the earth.

But Abinadi's teachings did the priests no good. They loved their sins too well to forsake them. They grew more and more angry as his words exposed their wicked ways. The king was as angry as his priests, and he gave the prophet into their hands to be put to death.

Now there was one of the priests who was not a bad man. He was quite young, and his name was Alma. He knew that Abinadi had told the truth regarding the sins of Noah and his priests. So he plead with the king to spare the life of the prophet and let him go in peace. But this made the king still more angry, and he had Alma

turned out of his presence and then sent his soldiers after him to kill him. But Alma fled and hid himself so that the soldiers did not find him. Alma kept himself hid for many days, and

in prison. After three days the priests brought him again before them and sentenced him to death. Their excuse for this cruel act was a very absurd one. Noah said to the prophet, "Abinadi, we



ABINADI BURNED AT THE STAKE.

while he was thus hiding he wrote the things which he had heard Abinadi teach.

Then the guards of King Noah took Abinadi, bound him, and shut him up

have found an accusation against thee, and thou art worthy of death. For thou hast said that God Himself should come down among the children of men; and now, for this cause, thou shalt be put to

death, unless thou wilt recall all the words which thou hast spoken evil concerning me and my people." He was to be put to death because he had said that God would come to earth and dwell among men, but if he would only take back the evil that he had said about the king and his priests, then they would let him live. This shows that they cared little what he said about God, that was only a pretence, his real offence, in their eyes, was that he rebuked them for their shameful sins.

But Abinadi said, "I will not recall the words which I have spoken unto you concerning this people, for they are true. * * * And if ye slay me ye will shed innocent blood, and this shall stand as a testimony against you at the last day."

When King Noah heard these words of warning he began to fear that they were true and that the evils promised would fall upon him. So he wanted to release Abinadi. But the priests clamored for his death, and made Noah again angry by saying that Abinadi had reviled the king. This appears to have been one of Noah's weak points. He was so used to flattery that he grew angry when anyone found fault with him. Then the king delivered Abinadi up to be slain.

The officers then took Abinadi, and in the streets of Lehi-Nephi they burned him to death. When the flames began to scorch him he cried to his murderers, saying: "Behold even as ye have done unto me, so shall it come to pass that thy seed shall cause that many shall suffer, even the pains of death by fire; and this because they believe in the salvation of the Lord their God. And it will come to pass that ye shall be afflicted with all manner of diseases because of your iniquities. Yea, and ye

shall be smitten on every hand, and shall be driven and scattered to and fro, even as a wild flock is driven by wild and ferocious beasts. And in that day ye shall be hunted, and ye shall be taken by the hand of your enemies, and then ye shall suffer, as I suffer, the pains of death by fire. Thus God executeth vengeance upon those that destroy His people. O God, receive my soul."

When Abinadi had finished this terrible prophecy he fell, and his spirit passed away to God; having sealed the truth of his words by his death. And all the evils that he had foretold were fulfilled to the utmost in the later history of the Nephites and Lamanites.

POINTS TO BE REMEMBERED IN THIS STORY.

That the priests of Noah had Abinadi brought out of prison on purpose to ply him with questions that they might entrap him. That they did not succeed in their wicked design, but he, inspired by the Spirit of God, taught them with great plainness many of the laws of the Gospel. This made Noah and his priests still more angry, as they loved their sins too well to forsake them. That the king declared Abinadi worthy of death. That one young priest, knowing that the prophet had told the truth, plead with Noah in his behalf. That the name of this young priest was Alma. That Noah would not listen to Alma but drove him from his presence and then sent soldiers to slay him. That Alma escaped and hid himself, and while he was thus hiding he wrote the things which he had heard Abinadi teach. That Abinadi was taken and burned to death in Lehi-Nephi. That when suffering the torments of this cruel death he uttered some terrible prophecies, all of which were fulfilled in the later history of the Nephites and Lamanites.

Juvenile Instructor

GEORGE O. CANNON, EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, APR. 1, 1898.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

TEACH THE WORD OF GOD.

THERE are 168 hours in the week. Sunday Schools are held once a week, and the time occupied in teaching the children is about one hour and a half, so that all the teaching the children receive during the week is one hour and a half out of 168 hours—a very small portion of time for religious teachings. This being the case, it is highly important that this time be spent in the most profitable manner. Studies that are not of the greatest value should not be permitted to occupy the time. What, then, should be the character of the studies in our Sunday Schools?

Of course the smaller children should have teachings adapted to their understanding. The teachers should select the most interesting and instructive subjects which are adapted to the capacity of the little ones, and these should be taught with the utmost simplicity. No words should be used that the children cannot understand. If it be necessary to use a word that is outside their range of words, pains should be taken to explain its meaning, and the children's interest should be kept up by making everything clear and interesting to them. Good judgment should be used in the selection of subjects. They should be of such a nature as to impress the children with the principle of faith. Subjects should be studied that will lead their minds to comprehend more advanced principles pertaining to the Gospel.

But in all the classes where the children are capable of reading and understanding the Old and New Testaments, the Book of Mormon and the Pearl of Great Price, they should be used to the exclusion of every other book. We cannot impress this too strongly upon the minds of teachers and superintendents. Every Stake Superintendent of Sunday Schools should insist on having these as the text books used in all the classes in the Sunday Schools where the children are old enough to read and comprehend what they read.

We hear of theological classes, and perhaps other classes, studying other works than the word of God, spending the time in the Sunday Schools in discussing questions which are outside of these sacred books to which we refer. We think this practice wrong, and on this account we write this article upon the subject, setting forth the right method in conducting Sunday Schools. In organizing Sunday Schools the object in view was to make the children Latter-day Saints, to fill their minds with knowledge concerning the principles of the Gospel, to make them thoroughly familiar with the word of God. What better training can we give our children than this? In what way can we prepare them better for the duties of life as Latter-day Saints than by giving them the word of God to read and explaining to them the beautiful doctrines recorded in the Bible, the Book of Mormon and the Pearl of Great Price? We do not mention the Book of Doctrine and Covenants, because it is more advanced in some respects than these other works, though it is also the word of God, and at the proper time and under proper circumstances should be studied also, especially by the older pupils. It can also be used very frequently to illustrate a

principle in making explanations to all the children.

The boy or the girl who has had opportunity of reading these books and becoming familiar with them is well prepared to preach the Gospel and to teach others its heavenly principles. During the 166½ hours each week which are spent outside the Sunday School, general reading and the study of other subjects can be indulged in; but we must beg our superintendents and teachers to give the children this little space of time—one hour and a half—for the reading and study of the word of God in its purity. Instead of having other books in the Sunday School room and occupying time in reading and studying them, to the exclusion of these divine works, let them be read and explained. We trust our counsel upon this point will be observed; for we deem it necessary to impress upon the minds of all those who are connected with our Sunday Schools the important fact that the purpose of these schools is to make Latter-day Saints of our children—to teach them as thoroughly as we can the principles of our religion. What can be more interesting to our children than to read the teachings and study the life of our Savior, the Son of God, as recorded in the New Testament? Also the purity and exalted character of His teachings, as contained in the Book of Mormon? They form streams of living truth as they came from the mouth of the well-beloved Son of God after He had been raised from the tomb and been to heaven and returned again. Let us give our children these truths; let them sink deep into their hearts never to be forgotten, that they may have influence upon all their lives. If we do this faithfully, we shall see a generation of men and women after

while, who will carry out more perfectly than has yet been done in these latter days, the glorious principles that will make earth a heaven and usher in Millennial glory.

We have received from two correspondents the question, "Can a person have a knowledge that God lives without seeing Him?"

We say, Certainly. Thousands testify, by the revelations which they have received from the Lord, through the Holy Ghost, who is one of the Godhead, that they know that God lives. The Spirit of God bears this testimony to their souls, and they are able to say—the Holy Ghost speaking through them—that God lives. Yet they may not have seen Him, in the manner in which the brother of Jared saw Him. He knew God lived before the veil was taken from his eyes, and He gave him many revelations. The Lord even stood in the cloud and talked to him for the space of three hours, chastening him because of his neglect. The brother of Jared, therefore, knew that God lived, though he had not seen Him; and he could not see Him until the Lord took the veil from off his eyes, when he saw the finger of the Lord. It was the knowledge that he had concerning the existence of God that gave him the power that he obtained so that he saw the finger of Jesus. Moroni tells us that he knew it was the finger of the Lord, and he had faith no longer, "for he knew, nothing doubting." But it should be noted that Moroni continues and says: "Having this perfect knowledge of God, he could not be kept from within the veil. Therefore, he saw Jesus, and He did minister unto him." It was his "perfect knowledge" that

God existed which enabled him to see within the veil. The Lord Jesus said to him, "Because thou knowest these things, ye are redeemed from the fall; therefore, ye are brought back into my presence; therefore, I show myself unto you." It will be seen from this that it was the knowledge that the brother of Jared had—not faith alone, but faith based on knowledge—which enabled him to be redeemed from the fall and to see within the veil.

Peter knew that Christ was the Son of the Living God, and the Savior said that flesh and blood had not revealed that to him, but His Father in heaven had done so. It required this revelation to constitute the knowledge that Peter had obtained, though he associated daily with the Lord in the flesh.

Another question is asked: "Can an Elder take the name of Deity in vain and obtain forgiveness therefor by sincere repentance and prayer?"

It is a most fearful sin for a man who has been taught the principles of righteousness, and who has made covenants with the Lord, to take His name in vain. If the extreme penalty were inflicted, the consequences might be exceedingly serious. There have been men whom we have reason to believe have met with violent deaths because of their profanity—men who knew better, but who broke this command and covenant. Yet where there is sincere repentance and prayer unto the Lord, the Lord is merciful and does pardon sin.

THE best of a book is not the thought which it contains, but the thought which it suggests, just as the charm of music dwells not in the tones, but in the echoes of our hearts.

TWO MEN OF THE HOUR.

Consul-General Fitzhugh Lee at Havana and Captain Sigsbee of the Maine.

It is said that opportunity makes the man. The saying no doubt has a large degree of truth in it. But the elements for "making the man" must be inherent in himself before he can be "made." If this were not true he would not be equal to the occasion when the opportunity came.

This observation is the result of the writer having listened of late to a good many comparisons and comments upon the respective capabilities of certain prominent figures in American history. Particular application was made to President U. S. Grant and General Robert E. Lee. The consensus of opinion on the part of those debating the question being that the illustrious Confederate was in reality a greater man than the distinguished leader of the Federal forces. That opportunity would have proved this conclusion to be a correct one, and that, had the former been the victor instead of the vanquished he would have been heralded throughout the world as the greatest hero of the two. Whether this is true or not is a question that will always be debated by the American people. The admirers of Grant are not willing to make the admission contended for, and the lovers of Lee will ever give him first place in their memories. But opportunity made both men to a certain extent, though of necessity one must be upon the winning and the other upon the losing side. Yet both were great Americans in their particular spheres, and it matters not which was the greatest. Both were representative men of the times in which they lived, and both are entitled to prominent places in American history.

These conclusions are remindful of the fact that many persons think we are now on the verge of a condition that will give opportunity for Americans to prove the material of which they are made, and thus secure fame for themselves in the annals of their country. Perhaps we are. But those who in fancy's leisure moments paint such pictures and gaze admiringly upon them



CONSUL-GENERAL, LEE.

would do well to remember that "Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war," and that there are other fields in which to achieve fame than those which are strewn with dead. Still when the nation's honor is at stake, there is opportunity for her sons, and daughters, too, for that matter, to legitimately achieve greatness in the redress of wrongs and the triumph of right. This brings us to

the point where we can profitably reflect upon the conduct of two American citizens who are prominently before the country, if not the world, by the course of recent and contemporaneous occurrences. General Fitzhugh Lee, for his splendid diplomacy as American Consul at Havana, and Captain Charles D. Sigsbee, commander of the unfortunate battleship *Maine* when she was destroyed by unknown agencies while lying in the harbor of a Spanish city. Both have been designated as men of the hour, and their discreet and conservative conduct at least entitle them to the respect and esteem of their countrymen. It will be interesting for JUVENILE readers to know something of them and what they have accomplished in their official careers. General Lee comes of good stock. He belongs to a family of fighters. He was born in 1835, and entered upon his military training at West Point at the age of sixteen years. Five years later he graduated. Like General Grant, he was a lover of fine horses, and in horsemanship proficiency stood at the head of his class. He became a dashing trooper, and was soon given a junior lieutenancy in the Second United States Cavalry. From the very first he inspired confidence in himself by the precise and determined manner in which he discharged every duty. His introduction into the field of actual warfare was in Texas, where, under the command of Major Von Dorn, he engaged against the Indians. Here he was dangerously, and it was feared for a time, mortally wounded by an arrow penetrating his body between his ribs. But he recovered, and was soon in active service again.

While receiving his military training at West Point, he did not neglect his athletic development. And it is well

that he did not; for on one occasion at least it saved his life. While on the Texas frontier fighting Indians he was surprised by a powerful red-skin. In fact they had come upon each other un-awares. Neither could or had time to draw his weapons, and a terrific hand to hand struggle ensued. Finally Lee closed on his antagonist, gave him a peculiar twist that belonged to the science of wrestling as he had learned it. The Indian fell heavily to the ground and was slain.

On the advent of the dark days of civil strife which threatened to disrupt and destroy the nation, Lee, who was instructor in cavalry tactics at West Point, felt it his duty to lay down the honors he held and take sides with Virginia, his native state, just as his uncle, General Robert E. Lee, the future commander of the Confederate army, did. His first service in the new field of duty was on the staff of General Ewell, and his next as lieutenant-colonel of the First Virginia Cavalry. He was in Stuart's raid around McClellan's army near Richmond. His courage and well directed ability in this and other engagements resulted in his rapid promotion to the office of colonel, and from that to brigadier-general.

In 1863 he became commander of one of the divisions of Confederate cavalry, and later commander of cavalry of the army of Northern Virginia. He fought with Stonewall Jackson at Chancellorsville, and at Winchester had three horses shot from under him and was seriously wounded. His last fighting was at Farmville, near Appomattox, April 8, 1865, when he led a successful cavalry charge against the Federal forces.

When the sounds of war had died away, and when peace again reigned in the land, Lee engaged in business, and

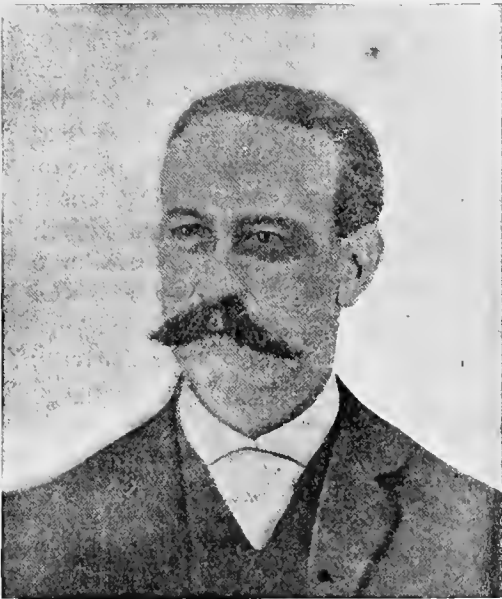
in 1871 became a married man, and now he has five children, two sons and three daughters. He has strong literary tastes as well as military inclinations, and is the author of the *Life of Robert E. Lee*, his illustrious uncle. In 1896 President Cleveland appointed him Consul-General to Havana, to succeed Consul-General Williams. The position it was realized would be a very difficult one to fill. The President cast about very carefully before making the appointment. On announcing his choice there was considerable criticism from various sources, it being alleged that Lee was altogether without diplomatic experience. This was true, but subsequent developments clearly proved the wisdom of President Cleveland's selection. Calm, dignified conservatism, with an absolute determination to do right under all circumstances, soon won for him the admiration of all Americans, the confidence of the Cubans, and the respect of the Spanish. Whatever his duty is he performs it intelligently and capably regardless of the consequences.

In politics, General Lee is a staunch Democrat, and soon after the inauguration of President McKinley he placed his resignation in the Executive's hands, expecting to lay down his trust in favor of a Republican appointee to the place. But President McKinley declined to accept it, and sent him back to Havana with the strongest possible endorsement of the course he had pursued. In these days of political wirepulling and unseemly scramble for office, this act may well be considered one of a highly complimentary character to General Lee's diplomatic ability. He is an American every inch of him, and American interests will not suffer when he can prevent them from doing so. Illustrative of his character is this brief eulogy from L. P.

Sigsbee, brother of the *Maine's* commander, the tribute coming immediately after a trip to Havana:

"There's a man down there looking after the interests of this country who cannot be blinded. He has more sand than anybody I know of, and if there's anything treacherous in this explosion we'll know it without delay. The man I mean is General Fitzhugh Lee."

Captain Charles D. Sigsbee is a native of New York, and is fifty-three years of



CAPTAIN CHARLES D. SIGSBEE.

age. At fourteen he entered the Naval Academy at Annapolis, Maryland, and graduated an ensign in 1863. He was soon afterwards assigned to duty on the *Monongahela* and then on the *Brooklyn* serving three years on that ship and the *Monongahela*. He was in the battle of Mobile Bay, and is said to have exhibited commendable courage in the assault on Fort Fisher. In 1867 he was with the *Wyoming* in the Asiatic Squad-

ron. Previous to that, however, he had been promoted to master and then advanced to a lieutenancy. For the next three years he was with the *Ashuelot*, and then went to do duty at the Naval Academy for two years. Next he was with the flagship *Worcester*, of the North Atlantic Station; 1874-5 found him assisting in the coast survey, and from 1876 to 1878 he was in command of the coast survey steamer *Blake*. Four years he was chief of the hydrographic department at Washington, D. C., going from there to the *Manadnock* and then to the *Maine*. Captain Sigsbee is a man of family, and his wife and children reside at the nation's capital.

Congress, by a joint resolution in 1882, permitted Lieutenant-Commander Charles Dwight Sigsbee, now Captain Sigsbee, to accept a decoration of the order of the Red Eagle, tendered him by the Emperor of Germany, for meritorious service rendered the German navy in superintending the construction of a most delicate and valuable sea-sounding apparatus, of which he was the inventor.

In the navy department Captain Sigsbee has always been a most popular and capable officer. His coolness and courage have never been questioned. On more than one occasion he has proved his wonderful presence of mind. It is said of him that he is calmer in the hour of danger than at any other time. The *Maine* tragedy would seem to bear out the correctness of this statement; for he has remained unruffled through all of its heartrending scenes. The strain, however, is said to have left its impress upon him notwithstanding his remarkable composure. But this is not to be wondered at. To witness the destruction of the majestic battleship of which he was the commander; the wholesale slaughter of faithful comrades; the bring-

ing to the surface of their swollen, mangled and shapeless bodies; the superintending of the work of the divers; the imparting of information to the board of inquiry; listening to the recital of the stories of sorrow which come from broken hearts, and a keen realization of official responsibility—all these are trials of no mean caliber, and that he has borne up under them is itself a tribute to his iron constitution and official capability.

While Captain Sigsbee was regarded by his brother officers as being fortunate in securing the command of the *Maine*, it is a noteworthy fact that the splendid battleship was pursued by a series of mishaps. It seemed almost as if she were being followed by a Nemesis. Certainly her career was an unlucky one. The disaster which wrecked her in the port of a foreign nation was the fourth accident that had overtaken her. In August, 1896, while at Key West, she bent ten plates on her port keel, and drifted on to a reef. In February just before she met her sad fate a cartridge exploded and seriously injured three of her crew. In July last Captain Sigsbee rammed her into an East River pier to prevent the sinking of a heavily laden excursion boat. The damage, however, was not great, and many human lives had been saved. Prompt action only prevented a terrible disaster, and Captain Sigsbee's praises were sung far and wide.

It is a navy yard tradition that the *Maine's* ill luck dated from her christening; that, in fact, she sailed under an evil star from her launching. The story that is recited in this connection is not uninteresting. It is related that Rear-Admiral Braine, who had superintended her construction, and whose especial pet ship she was, had taken considerable

pains to secure a bottle of real American wine for her christening; that he had been even scrupulously particular about this and went so far in his scrupulousness and sentiment as to obtain wine that had been made from grapes grown on the shores skirting the water where Commodore Perry so overwhelmingly defeated the British.

A granddaughter of Secretary of the Navy Tracy, Miss Alice Wilmerding, performed the function that gave the big battleship her name. But instead of using the bottle of American wine provided by Admiral Braine, the young lady used a bottle of champagne which she had brought from France. This act was a source of keen regret to Admiral Porter, who took his own bottle of wine home with him, where he still keeps it as a reminder of the big ship's launching. It is said that he does not like to be called superstitious, and yet he wonders what might have been if American glass had been broken and American wine poured over the prow of the nautical child of which he was so proud.

Colonel Argus.

SLEEP AND HEALTH.

THE question as to how much sleep is needed by the average human being has long been a subject of discussion, and of late much has appeared thereon in the science journals. Many and diverse opinions have been advanced, some writers declaring that most people spend too much time in sleep, with the result that their bodies become weakened and their mental faculties clouded, to say nothing of the valuable time with its opportunities of work thus lost; while others, and among them scientific thinkers of note, declare that many of the prevalent ailments of mankind today

are directly traceable to insufficient sleep, and to our present hurried and otherwise unnatural conditions of life. Numerous instances have been quoted of men renowned for their strength of intellect, who have allowed themselves but from three to six hours sleep each day. We read of men such as Goethe, Napoleon, Humboldt and others who maintained their vigor of mind and body with less than half the amount of sleep usually considered necessary. Prof. Max Mueller states that Alexander von Humboldt once said to him, "As I get old I want more sleep, four hours at least. When I was young two hours of sleep were quite enough for me. * * *

It is quite a mistake, though it is very widespread, that we want seven or eight hours sleep. When I was your age I simply lay down on the sofa, turned down my lamp, and after two hours sleep I was as fresh as ever." This remarkable man lived to be eighty-nine years old.

The *British Medical Journal* gives a number of other instances almost as striking, among them the following:—Dr. James Legge, a professor at Oxford, was in the habit of beginning the day's work at 3 a.m., after but five hours' sleep; he recently died at the age of eighty-two.

Brunel, the engineer, is said to have worked nearly twenty hours a day, and his friends assert that he never seemed tired or in poor spirits. Sir George Elliott, who was in command during the four years' siege of Gibraltar, slept but four hours a day throughout that time; he reached the age of eighty-four. Littré says of himself that while he was engaged on his great dictionary he retired regularly at three in the morning and rose again at eight, spending fully eighteen hours of the day in hard men-

tal labor. Referring to these habits after he had become old (he lived to be nearly eighty), he said, "Habit and regularity had extinguished all excitement in my work. I fell asleep as easily as a man of leisure does and woke at eight as a man of leisure does."

An instance on the other side of the question is given in the report of a recent interview with Prof. Simon Newcomb. That great mathematician and astronomer is quoted as saying that he habitually goes to bed as early as possible, and remains there as long as he can, and spends in work such time as he can spare from sleep.

Perhaps all these examples illustrate extreme and extraordinary cases. It is evident that all men are not constituted alike. As there are personal peculiarities in habits of eating, so is there a range of requirement in the matter of sleeping and in other affairs of life. Sleep is essential to life and health; that too little of this invigorating restorative will result in weakness and nervous disturbance is evident to all; that sleep indulged to excess is no less sure to be followed by ill results, is conclusively proved by common experience. A terrible example of the penalties following wilful defiance of Nature's laws, has recently been reported through the daily press. To satisfy a depraved public taste for unnatural spectacles, a contest in severe and prolonged bicycle riding was given in an eastern city. The racers were kept to their tasks by scourging and other punishments, when for want of sleep their bodies had become so enfeebled that they were unable to mount their wheels without assistance, and when their minds had been so wrought upon and disturbed by the strain that the men were practically insane. One of the maddened riders

labored under the illusion that his eyes had dropped out, and he begged pitiously for wadding with which to fill the sockets. Another refused to be satisfied until his head and face had been bandaged, as he declared that one side of his head had fallen off. No justification can be found for such inhuman traits of physical endurance; and the taste for such exhibitions is as truly savage as was that of the Romans in their passion for bloody scenes on the arena.

But, returning to the subject of the amount of sleep required in health:—it should be considered a personal duty to determine each for himself the habits of sleep which produce in him the greatest degree of vigor and strength. It is important also to observe the requirements as to the time at which sleep should be taken. Rest in its proper season will be invigorating; whereas much of the beneficial effect will be lost if the system be abnormally stimulated beyond its capacity for work, and the natural desire for sleep be banished. Excess whether in labor or in the indulgence of ease is a violation of the laws of God and will surely bring its punishment. We, as a people rejoice in the sure word of scripture on the subject. In a revelation given Dec. 27, 1832 (Doctrine and Covenants, 88: 124), the Lord said to the Saints:—"*Cease to sleep longer than is needful; retire to thy bed early, that ye may not be weary, arise early that your bodies and your minds may be invigorated.*"

T.

SOME one has said that we never go to meet, of set purpose, the important things of life. We turn suddenly round a corner, and come upon them all at once.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

THE EDUCATION SUITABLE.

It is a matter of very great importance that in the education of the young they should have a training that will fit them for the duties of life. In acquiring education, boys should receive such practical instruction as will qualify them in the best manner for the labor by which they hope to gain a living. Time should not be spent in studying branches for which there will be no particular use in after life. The education of our children should be made as practical as possible. If a boy intends to be a mechanic, he should be taught in school those branches which will be most suitable for the labor that he expects to enter upon. It is only a waste of time to study branches for which he will have no immediate use.

A wrong education unfits a man for usefulness. There is much of this in the United States, as one can see whenever a State or Federal election occurs. Hundreds of men who have been educated in such a way as to make manual labor irksome to them, clamor for office and are glad to get almost any place rather than work at toilsome labor.

A young man may prove a very excellent mechanic and yet may not have spent years in acquiring a knowledge of the dead languages and other branches for which he has no use in his trade. The instruction should be suited to the prospective requirements of the individual. In many instances years are spent in school that might be more profitably employed in mastering some useful occupation. When a boy whose years have been spent in the schoolroom reaches manhood he is not fitted for heavy manual employment. This kind of labor is not inviting to him. It produces fatigue, to which he

has been unaccustomed, and, his physical powers not being trained, he shrinks from engaging in such labor. He desires to find occupation in some employment that involves less physical toil. Whereas, had he received a training in manual labor during the years from youth to manhood, he would not be afraid to enter upon employment that would require physical exertion. A boy who has received a training of this character, whose muscles have been developed by toil, is more likely to become a useful citizen and a producer of wealth from the elements than one who has had no such training. If such a boy afterwards receives a college or university education, he is in a better position to prove a valuable member of the community than if he had not learned to work at manual labor.

Of all the people of the world the Latter-day Saints should attach the highest importance to the skill which enables men, by personal toil, to convert the elements of nature into sources of convenience, comfort and wealth. The whole experience of the people ought to lead them to place a high value on such accomplishments. It should be the aim of those who have the young in charge to train them in such a manner that they will be able, out of the elements which surround them, to build up communities on a substantial basis. Labor of every kind should be held in the highest esteem among the Latter-day Saints. No branch of labor, however humble, should be despised. If it be a useful branch, it should be viewed as honorable. Whenever distinctions shall be drawn among us as to the character of labor, attaching more importance and more honor to certain branches than to others, we shall have fallen into grievous error. This is one of the evils of the

world from which we have been gathered. Viewing labor in this light, amounts to almost a curse upon humanity. It leads to class distinctions, and to the long train of evils which class distinctions breed.

Every young man in our community should be taught to look upon the possession of land as essential to perfect citizenship. We should be a land-owning people. We should value an inheritance on mother earth. No man can leave a better bequest to his children than a piece of land that has been or can be cultivated; and then the children should be taught to cling to such an inheritance.

There are many ways of making money to which the people of our community have turned attention of late years; but the hard times of the last three or four years has shaken up many branches of business and made them very uncertain. Many men who have thought themselves wealthy have found themselves reduced in circumstances, and some have lost confidence in business which they were pursuing, and which they supposed to be the best for making money. But the men who have depended upon the soil, and who have kept out of debt, have escaped many of the trials and difficulties and worry of those who have been engaged in other pursuits. Reflecting people among the Latter-day Saints have, therefore, perceived the advantage which those who cultivate the earth possess. They see that land that can be cultivated is a good thing to have. If properly managed, it will furnish a subsistence, at least. But with skill and industry it will do more than this. It will yield such returns as will enable its owner to

furnish his family with the conveniences and comforts of life. Whatever a man's occupation may be, he should maintain an interest in the soil, and own a piece of mother earth. If it is only a city lot, a clear title to it attaches a man or a family to the soil. The ownership even of so small a piece of land as this adds dignity to men and to families. They take an interest in public affairs to an extent that they could not do if they were merely tenants. But a family should own something more, if it be possible, than a city lot; they should have a few acres of land, more or less according to their number. There should be no monopoly of land among us; and up to the present, probably no state in the Union has had less of this than Utah. The opportunities, therefore, to acquire ownership in land are quite numerous, and everyone should avail himself of these opportunities. *The Editor.*

ROBERT WILLIAMS.

A Hero In Humble Life.

THE Elders who have extensive experience in the ministry abroad have good opportunities to study human character.

Many men I have met stand out in bold relief as I reflect upon the past. One presents himself before my "mind's eye" at this moment. He died in the Eighth Ward of this city, May 22, 1897, at the age of seventy-six years. His name was Robert Williams. I will introduce him more fully to the reader later on.

I was called into the missionary field by President George Q. Cannon, who then presided over the European Mission, in the beginning of 1863, and was assigned as traveling Elder to the Hull (Yorkshire) Conference. Brother Williams was then President of the Hull

Branch. It did not take us long to become closely acquainted and in full sympathy with each other. I had not been long in Hull before his house became my headquarters.

His mind had a strong religious bent. His inclination exhibited itself long before he embraced the Gospel, as shown by earlier incidents of his life.

For instance, a young man named Barker, who worked for him, was afflicted with a chronic disease of the lungs. He became so ill that he appeared to be nearing the end. Robert visited him, and was much moved by the grief of the lad's parents. He recalled the statements of the scriptures about the prayer of faith for the sick, and asked the family if they would like him to pray for the boy. They gladly assented. He laid his hands upon the head of the patient and prayed fervently that he might be healed. The petition was answered and the young man recovered forthwith.

The story of Brother Williams' entry into the Church, which he related to me, was quite romantic. He had, before hearing the fulness of the Gospel, been connected, at different times, with several of the sectarian religions, but each in its turn became distasteful to him. Finally he met a man named Dixon, who taught him the principles of the Gospel. They were glad tidings to him and made his heart fill with gladness. He declared at once that he knew them to be true, and he had been looking for them during the greater part of his life.

The two repaired one evening to the River Humber, near a bridge which crossed it. Brother Williams was led into the water by his companion, and as the immersion was about to be performed a voice from the top of the

bridge shouted, "Hello there! What are you going to do with that man? Are you going to drown him?"

"I'm about to be baptized for the remission of my sins; have you any objection?"

"No. Go ahead."

So the believer was buried in the water.

The two went to Mr. Dixon's home, where he went through the forms of confirming Robert Williams a member of the Church of Christ, conferring upon him the Holy Ghost, and even ordaining him to the office of an Elder.

My friend returned to his own residence. On his way a cloud of sadness hung over and finally seemed to envelop him. On reaching his own fire-side he sat down and tried to reflect, and he knew something was wrong. He knew that the evil lay with Dixon and not with the principles he had taught him. He had been imposed upon. He returned to the home of that individual.

On entering he began at once by saying, "Dixon, there's something wrong, and it is with you. I know the doctrines you taught me are true, but you have deceived me. You must at once tell me where I can find the people who believe and practice what you have taught."

Mr. Dixon seemed confused, and hesitated, but Brother Williams finally got the address of Simeon Pickering, the then agent for the *Millennial Star* in the Hull branch of the Church.

Our friend hastened to find that gentleman. On reaching his house his knock at the door was responded to by Sister Pickering.

"Is Mr. Pickering at home?"

"Yes. Come in."

He entered and walked up to the head of the household and said: "You

belong to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints?"

The person addressed seemed somewhat bewildered, and appeared to wonder what was coming next, but said he was connected with that Church.

In the conversation that followed our friend learned that Dixon had been at one time a member of the Church and held the office of a Priest, but had been cut off for cause. He was therefore an imposter, and this explains why his victim had such sad feelings as he experienced.

Our friend informed his new acquaintance that he wished to be baptized, and did not want any unnecessary delay about it.

"Well, I will take you to Elder William G. Young (son of the late Bishop Lorenzo D. Young), and see what he shall say about it."

Elder Young was found. After a brief explanation regarding the situation, Brother Young said to the visitor in chief, "Do you believe Joseph Smith was a Prophet of God?"

"I don't know anything about Joseph Smith. He may be a Prophet for all I know. But I do know, that as God gave prophets anciently to lead the people, I do not see why He should not do so now. I'm sure they're very much needed."

So he was baptized by one holding authority, and received the Holy Ghost. His heart leaped for joy; his soul was satisfied; he had found at last the "pearl of great price," for which he so long had sought.

Soon after my arrival in the Hull Conference I learned of numbers of past incidents connected with the labors of Brother Williams. There was in the Hull branch an honest-hearted old Elder of the Church named Thomas Clixby. He would sometimes testify about his

being healed by the power of God through the administration of Brother W. While in the docks he fell from a tall pile of timber to the stone causeway, and was so badly injured that it was thought he could not live. After being administered to he speedily recovered, and attended a meeting of the Saints on the following Sunday.

Brother Williams had to struggle against two obstacles during his whole life—ill-health and poverty. Yet his energy and enterprise in the cause of truth never seemed to flag. He was comparatively uneducated, yet he was an intelligent and interesting speaker, although he spoke with a strong provincial accent. He was in a high degree courageous. He kept the Hull branch in a constant state of activity. Street preaching was vigorously engaged in, camp meetings were held in the surrounding villages, and baptisms occurred at brief intervals.

I well remember an instance of his great faith which came under my own observation. One day a sister named Salmon called at his house and informed Brother Williams and myself that her husband, who was also in the Church, had, in lifting a heavy weight while at work as a drayman, burst a blood vessel and was bleeding to death internally. The poor woman was weeping and evidently in great distress. She desired us to go to the unfortunate man with all possible speed and administer to him.

We found Brother Salmon in a terrible plight. He looked like a corpse, all color having left his face, and he was weak and helpless from loss of blood from his veins. As I was young and inexperienced, at my desire Brother Williams acted as spokesman in the ordinance after the anointing. There was no hesitation nor faltering in his

administration, and Brother Salmon said, somewhat faintly, "The bleeding has stopped." Within a few days he appeared in meeting and testified that he was healed by the power of God.

Some time after this incident occurred I took occasion to allude to it under somewhat novel circumstances. Near the close of 1863 I was invited to attend a conference to be held in the town of Birmingham, at which most of the Elders in the ministry in Europe were expected to be present. It lasted over a week, and was a notable gathering of its class.

Early one morning, while alone in an upper room of Brother Williams' house, it was revealed to me that when I should leave my field to respond to this invitation I should not return to labor there again; consequently on the Sabbath before my departure I bade farewell to the Saints, whom I had learned to love. I told them I was going to another part of the vineyard, but did not inform them how I knew this to be the case.

Near the close of the proceedings in Birmingham many Elders were released to return home, while many others were appointed to different fields by President George Q. Cannon. My appointment was to the Sheffield Conference, with a special injunction that I should not return to my recent field but proceed forthwith to the new one.

During the following year I visited Hull on the occasion of a conference. The morning and afternoon meetings were attended almost exclusively by the Saints. Before the gathering in the evening a desire rested upon me to induce some outside people to attend. This resulted in a suggestion to some of the Elders as to the advisability of holding an open air meeting. The reply

was the reverse of enthusiastic. I slipped quietly away and went to the public square, and took a stand which had been often occupied by Brother Williams and others—in front of King William's statue. Having no confidence in my musical ability, I read the hymn which begins, "The time is nigh, that happy time." Then prayed. A few people stood around, looking on curiously. A discourse on the first principles of the Gospel followed, and a large crowd gathered around to listen. Before the conclusion some of the brethren, on their way to meeting, had to pass the statue, when they discovered the identity of the preacher.

When I closed, the people were informed of the Conference in Temperance Hall. They were invited to attend, and told that if they did not know the locality of the hall they could follow me as their guide. Quite a large number did so. The steps leading up to the hall were wooden, and we made quite a clatter before we reached the door, and as we filed in. President Brigham Young, Jr., then presiding in Europe, said jocularly afterwards that he thought sure, from the noise we made, that a mob was coming.

Elder George Reynolds was preaching when we entered. His subject was Faith, and he was illustrating it by reference to the life of Abraham. I was the next to address the audience, the theme being the gifts of the Gospel.

After meeting, a tall German, one of the men who came in from the marketplace, approached me, while the others crowded around and listened to what followed. Among other things he said:

"Do you mean to say that such gift as those which were possessed by the ancient Christian Church exist now?"

"I have already made a statement to that effect, and re-affirm it."

"Have you any proof to offer. Have you ever seen anybody healed?"

"Do you see that man at the other end of the room?" (pointing to Brother Salmon, who was healed under the administration of Brother Williams).

"Yes."

"I will call him over, and if you ask him if he was ever healed by the exercise of faith in God and the administration of His servants, he will tell you that he was while he was bleeding internally from the bursting of a blood vessel."

"You need not call him. I believe what you say and require no further evidence, but it greatly surprises me."

The foregoing is not the exact language used, but embodies the purport of what was said.

Brother Williams was the means of bringing many faithful souls into the Church. I met one of them in the Salt Lake Temple a few days since—William B. Armstrong. He was in that sacred place doing work in behalf of his dead kindred. This illustrates the far-reaching character of the labors of faithful men like my deceased friend.

The poverty and ill-health of Brother Williams have been mentioned. They clung to him during his entire life. Every station he occupied of a temporal character was extremely humble. When I knew him first his only source of revenue was from making and peddling pikelets, which are something like pancakes.

Some of my young readers may wonder why the Lord permitted a man having so many noble traits to endure such seemingly great disadvantages. It should be remembered that he had many glorious privileges, which more than counterbal-

anced them. The opportunity and disposition to embrace the Gospel are more valuable than all the riches of the world. It is a good thing for people to be mindful of the fact that they are in mortality only for a short time. Life is eternal beyond it. If Brother Williams had accumulated untold wealth he would not be in possession of it now. Besides, it would probably have stood in the way of his salvation. As it is, his good works follow him, and he has secured a place in the kingdom of God, and he will have it forever.

Some people turn up their noses at the poor simply because of their poverty. This is not uncommon among "society" folk. I hope none of my young readers will ever be guilty of such conduct. It is abominable. God is displeased with it. Many of the noblest of God's sons and daughters have struggled with poverty.

I am reminded of a remark made by the poet Burns. He was walking along one of the leading streets of Edinburgh, in company with a titled aristocrat, when he turned to an old friend who was passing. He was roughly and commonly dressed. The poet greeted him with evidences of friendship and affection. When the two separated, the haughty aristocrat expressed his surprise at Burns having condescended to speak to such a common person as the man who had just passed on. The bard replied, "Sir, I spoke to the man, not to his coat. If he and we were placed on the scales to ascertain our respective merits, he would outweigh both of us."

A man like Robert Williams would, in my opinion, outweigh a hundred purse-proud people who worship wealth and expend all their best energies in gathering it and look down upon the humble and the poor.

John Nicholson.

MISS VAUGHN'S APRIL FOOL.

"Won't that be jolly? We'll do it! And the shout and laugh which followed this expression proved the jubilant spirits of the crowd of boys standing in the yard of the West End School.

"What will be jolly? What is to be done?" asked Fred Brown as he joined the group just in time to hear the above.

Will Jones volunteered as spokesman for the crowd.

"Why you see day after tomorrow is April Fools' Day, and we are going to have something new. Playing truant, stuffing the bell, hiding books and such things are too old to be any fun, and Tom here has thought of a splendid plan. You know how frightened Miss Vaughn is of toads, bats, and such things. Well, we are going to get some toads, do them up in a nice parcel, and put them in Miss Vaughn's desk; and when she unfastens the parcel we'll have a picnic. Tom said mice, but they would scamper off too soon and the fun would all be over. The toads can't get out of the desk, and she'll not dare to touch them to take them out. Then bats are her especial terror, so we are going to get a bat and suspend it just over her desk and see what she'll do.

"Oh, pshaw! I can tell you of a joke to play on her that will beat that all to pieces," exclaimed Fred.

"We should like to hear it then. Out with it, Fred," called out the boys.

"Well, let's go on down to the ball ground and I'll tell you on the way."

While this conversation was going on outside, within the school-house Miss Vaughn, the teacher, sat with her arms folded upon the desk and her head upon her arms, weeping bitterly.

"Oh, my home, my home!" she wailed.

Her father had died a little over a

year before the opening of our story. His failure in business just previous to his demise had swept away all their property. At the sudden death of Mr. Vaughn the house had been mortgaged to defray the funeral and other expenses. As soon as the last sad rites were performed, Clara Vaughn looked about her to see what she could do for herself and her mother, who was perfectly prostrate with grief. Clara was now grateful for her liberal education. She applied for and secured the position of teacher in the West End School. She expected by strict economy to be able to raise the mortgage, and for several months she laid by part of her salary for that purpose.

Then her mother's illness came, and doctor bills, nurse fees and hired help had used up her savings. And now she had received word that the mortgage was to be foreclosed on the first of April; the home in which she had been born and raised was to be lost to them.

She slowly rose and prepared to go to her home, her home, which would be home for such a short time. She bathed her face, striving to remove the traces of her tears, as she wished to appear as cheerful as possible to her mother.

"How late you are tonight, Clara dear."

"Yes, mother, but we'll have our supper now."

"I don't want anything to eat, Clara. Have you seen or heard from Mr. Evans today?"

"Yes, mother."

"Has he relented?"

"No dearest mother; he will foreclose the mortgage day after tomorrow, but he will give us until Saturday to move."

"Move! Oh, Clara, it will kill me to give up this home, the home that I came to on my wedding day."

"Mother, I wish I could prevent it, but I have done all in my power, and now I am helpless."

"I know it, my darling, I know it; and I ought not to complain, but should thank God for the treasure He has given me in my precious daughter, and I do. It is hard, though, but I will try to bear it patiently, and not make it any harder for you with my regrets."

"My brave mother, we must look to God. He will help us both to bear it."

"That is true, my daughter; but where can we move?"

"You know that little house of Mr. Harrison's, the one that his niece has been living in; it is vacant now, as they have moved away. I think we will be able to rent it; I shall see about it tomorrow."

The morning of the first of April dawned clear and beautiful, but Clara Vaughn heeded not the beauty of nature that morning, as she went forth to her daily task. Her heart was too full of trouble, and she felt the cross of life very heavily.

When she reached the school-room she found the pupils all there, and in their places, a very unusual thing.

Opening her desk she found a parcel addressed to herself, which she looked at wonderingly.

Seating herself and opening it, she found the mortgage, and with it a paper bearing the words, "April Fool!"

For a moment she seemed to be losing her senses; one of the boys, fearing she was going to faint, hastily handed her a cup of water.

The room was as quiet as if there had been no one in it. The eyes of every pupil were fixed upon the teacher. She drank the water, and revived to weep tears of happiness. Before she had recovered herself sufficiently to do or

say anything, Mr. Brown, one of the trustees, appeared. He called the school to order and informed the pupils that they would be given a holiday. They quietly left the room, leaving Mr. Brown and Miss Vaughn alone. Fred Brown gave his father a look of gratitude as he passed out.

"Mr. Brown, what does this mean?" asked the bewildered girl.

"Simply this, Miss Vaughn, this is your pupils' way of April Fooling."

"You do not mean to say that they have paid this mortgage?"

"I certainly do, and I think the lesson they have learned in doing so is one of the most valuable of the year."

"But where did they get so much money?"

"Fred gave up the bicycle which was to have been his birthday present; Will Jones sold his riding pony, and others raised money in various ways."

"How could they do it! I will pay back every cent of it if it takes me five years."

"No, no, Miss Vaughn, that would spoil it. Accept it as a token of the love and gratitude of your pupils."

"Call them back, Mr. Brown, so I may thank them"

They were waiting on the school grounds for Miss Vaughn to appear, and the sound of the bell brought them trooping in.

But when Miss Vaughn attempted to thank them, she only broke down and wept, and a rousing cheer went up from the throats of her pupils, who were enjoying their April Fool joke.

A few moments later Clara Vaughn realized the beauty of the morning as she wended her way homeward to communicate the good news to her mother.

Mistletoe.

SUNDAY SCHOOL DEPARTMENT.

WITH Leaflet 137 (that for the first Sunday in April), the Bible lessons cease and subjects from the Book of Mormon are taken up. Former Leaflets carried the student to the death of Nephi. Those now being published take up the historical thread at that point, and will probably be continued without a break to the close of the Nephite monarchy (B. C. 91).

In the "Lesson Statement" and "Questions" on the baptism of King Limhi, that appear on the back of No. 12 Miniature Card of the second series of Book of Mormon Charts is a statement that we think an error. It is there stated that Alma and his company from the land of Helam arrived at Zarahemla before Limhi and his people reached there from Lehi-Nephi. Now, though no direct statement is made in the Book of Mormon, yet, from the historical narrative, the probabilities are strong that Limhi's people were the first to return to Zarahemla; for though Alma and his associates were only thirteen days on the journey, while Limhi and his followers wandered "many days" in the wilderness, yet they started so much earlier that the conclusion is almost inevitable that they reached Zarahemla first. Teachers using these cards will kindly observe this correction.

He who makes a baseless insinuation against a neighbor's integrity or honor is guilty of an injustice which is atrocious and monstrous in comparison with the petty depredation of the despicable thief who breaks into his granary and surreptitiously carries away his corn.

THE pleasure of doing the unobliging things grows on one.

Our Little Folks.

FOR THE LETTER-BOX.

SALT LAKE CITY.

DEAR LETTER-BOX.—When I read the letters of the boys who write for the JUVENILE, I feel ashamed that I have never tried to write one myself, so I am going to send a few lines to it tonight. I am a Deacon, and Monday evening we held meeting at our house. Sister Taylor made us some molasses candy, and mamma said we would all stick to the floor if we walked across it. I go to Sunday School and try to learn all I can about my religion. I hope the Lord will answer the children's prayers who write for the Letter-Box, and help us all to be good.

Claud Bowring. Aged 13 years.

SANTAQUIN, UTAH.

DEAR LETTER-BOX.—I have seven sisters and three brothers. One brother and one sister are dead. We are very pleased with the letters in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, I will close my letter for fear of taking too much space.

Your new friend,

Eunice Olsen. Age 10 years.

SPRING CITY, UTAH.

DEAR LETTER-BOX.—My grandpa takes the JUVENILE, and I have been reading it. I was thirteen years old the 22nd of last October. I am in the Fourth Reader. This is my first attempt at writing for the paper. My papa went to fulfill a mission in Cache County last December. We have a good Sunday School and Primary Association, and we are greatly blest and favored of the Lord.

Your friend,

Ruth Robinson.

MENDON, UTAH.

DEAR LETTER-BOX.—I like to read the letters the little boys and girls write. I am seven years old. I go to Sunday School and Primary meetings. My Sunday School teacher is very kind; her name is Sister Westover. She is also the President of our Primary. I like her very much. I will write another letter to the little Letter-Box some time.

Guy Sorensen.

NOTTINGHAM, ENGLAND.

DEAR LETTER-BOX.—I enjoy reading the little letters, as one of my sisters in Utah sends me the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. I have five sisters and one brother in Utah, and I hope father and mother and myself will soon be there. I am eleven years old today (the 1st of March.) When President Wells was at our house he told me that our Prophet, Wilford Woodruff's birthday was the same day as mine, and that he was eighty years older than myself. I wish him many happy returns of the day, and hope our Heavenly Father will spare him a long time yet upon earth. I am glad I am a little Mormon boy.

Your new friend,

Samuel Barber.

CRICKARD, WEST VIRGINIA.

MY DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS: Having the JUVENILE to read, I esteem it a great privilege. And no part of it is more interesting to me than your Letter-Box. What advantages the children of the Latter-day Saints have to improve the talents which the Lord gives to them! And how pleasing it is to note the little testimonies which many of them give of what the Lord has done and is doing for His people.

I would like to assure my little Latter-day Saint brothers and sisters, as

one of the many missionaries who have been sent out to spread the Gospel of Truth among the inhabitants of the earth, that their prayers for the missionaries are of exceeding great value. Many instances occur in which the aid of the Lord to His servants is so clearly manifested that it is evident His angels come to lead them in ways to escape trouble, or tell them when to speak and what to say; or the Holy Spirit enlightens them so that they act with wisdom, when, if left to themselves, they would be very weak and short-sighted. I could tell you of some interesting things, but for fear of trespassing upon your space, I must say good-bye, and God bless you all.

A friend of the Letter-Box,
E. M. G.

—
BINGHAM CANYON, UTAH.

MY DEAR LITTLE BROTHERS AND SISTERS.—I will tell you about our Sunday School. It is the first Latter-day Saints' Sunday School started in Bingham. It commenced in August, 1895. There were twenty enrolled then. Now we have from fifty to eighty members. My teacher's name is Sister Lizzie Mac-Neal. Our first superintendent was Brother Ure, from Salt Lake City. He resigned a few months ago, and we missed him very much.

Your friend,
Jennie Smith. Aged 11 years.

—
PAROWAN, UTAH.

DEAR LETTER-BOX.—We have a good Primary here. We have lessons from the Gospel Primer. I am in the Primary Department in Sunday School. We have learned the Lord's Prayer, the Articles of Faith, and the blessings on the Sacrament. In day school I am in

the second grade, and study language, reading, arithmetic, geography, writing and spelling.

[This pleasant little letter has no name attached to it. Will the author please write again, and be careful not to leave off so important a part of the letter as the signature?]

L. L. G. R.

—
VERMILLION, UTAH.

DEAR LITTLE LETTER-BOX.—Today is Saturday, and I would rather write to you than to play. I will tell about how I got five cents for "Nickle Sunday." We did not have any money, and did not know how we could get the five cents to pay on "Nickle Sunday." On Saturday we asked our Father in Heaven to open a way for us to get the five cents. That night a man came and wanted to stop all night and buy some hay. So we got some money, and knew that our prayers were answered. We thought our dear Heavenly Father had sent the man to buy some hay so we could get the five cents. I am nine years old. I have six sisters and four brothers.

Adell Gottfredson.

—
EAST JORDAN, UTAH.

DEAR LETTER-BOX;—I like to read the stories in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, and to go to Sunday School. I am in the First Intermediate. We are studying the life of the Savior. I go to school and am in the Second Reader. We have a nice Primary. I have two sisters and one brother; their names are Laura, Vera, and Allen. My papa baptized me last April, and my grandpa confirmed me a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Your little friend,
Melissa Bateman. Aged 8 years

GEORGETOWN, IDAHO.

DEAR LETTER-BOX.—My papa takes the INSTRUCTOR and we like the little letters. I have one brother and three sisters. My age is nine years last August. I go to Sunday School, Primary, and Religion Class. And I am in the Third Reader. We have had a new schoolhouse built.

Your little friend,

Laura Hoff.

BENJAMIN, UTAH.

DEAR LITTLE LETTER-BOX.—I have read the letters in the JUVENILE and like them real well. I go nearly two miles to school, and am in the Third B grade. I live on a farm, and we raise lots of vegetables and grain. And we have horses, cows, pigs, chickens and turkeys. We have a dog about four months old. He will open the door with his paws. We call him Ring.

Harvey Smith. Aged 10 years.

FIRST WARD, SALT LAKE CITY.

DEAR LETTER-BOX.—Some of the little letters are so pretty that I feel much interested in reading them. One day Brother Johnson came to get papa to go with him to administer to a sick lady. Papa did not know how sick the lady was, and he showed Brother Johnson the pretty flowers in our greenhouse before he went with him. When they went to the lady's house they found her in great pain, and it seemed as though nothing could help her. They administered to her three times before she got relief. And when they were calling upon God, in the name of Jesus, to heal her, the third time, papa said she should live to rear her little children—she has six of them—and from that time she began to get better. The next day she was able to be about

the house and attend to her duties. She was healed by the power of God, through the administration of His Holy Priesthood. Such things should be testimonies to us that God lives and hears the prayers of those who have faith in Him. And they should encourage us all to seek to live right, so that our faith may be strong.

Annie M Thorup. Aged 12 years.

DEAR LETTER-BOX.—Newel was a little boy about six years old. He lived with his mamma and sister and two brothers. The children were too small to work, and if their mamma did work very hard, she could not always get what they needed to make them comfortable.

Once when it was cold and snow was on the ground his feet were so cold, and he could not run and play, nor carry the wood and water and feed the chickens and run after the cows for his mamma. He asked Father in Heaven to send him some shoes. He did not get discouraged when he had to ask several times, and was well paid when his uncle sent him a pair of red-top boots. He ran to his mamma, saying, "O, ma, see how good the Lord is to me. I only asked for shoes and He sent me boots!"

Aunt Lydia.

MT. PLEASANT, UTAH.

DEAR LITTLE LETTER-BOX.—As so many of the little boys and girls are writing to the Letter-Box, I thought I would write, too. I like to read all the little letters that are in the JUVENILE, and I am very interested in it. I go to school every day, and every Wednesday we have Religion Class. I try to go to it every time I can. I will tell you about my little sister who was very ill. She had been ill for about two

weeks. My aunt had been quite sick with fever, and mamma said she was going up there that evening. When she got there she found that the Elders were there. So she got them to come down and administer to Flossie. So they came, and when they got there they administered to her. But when they came the next night she was very nearly well. We could hardly believe that she would take such a change. This is all for this time.

Grace Staker. Aged 10 years.

DEAR LITTLE LETTER-BOX: I will tell you how the Lord blest me one time. I was getting ready to go to a party, and was curling my hair, when the curling-irons slipped and burnt the blade of my eye. It had to be bandaged up, and the fear that I might go blind came to me. But I prayed and asked the Lord to bless me that I might not go blind, and He heard my prayer and healed me. We have a good Sunday School, of which my papa is superintendent. We also have good Primary and Religion Class meetings.

Your friend,

Jennie Knapp. Age 13 years.

PAYSON CITY, UTAH.

DEAR LETTER-BOX: I will tell how I was healed from sickness. I had a very bad pain in my chest. My sister was sick at the same time. We had very much faith in the administrations of the Elders, especially Brother Jones. We had the Elders bless Vivian; then Brother Jones blest us both, and from that minute I never had the pain any more. But little spots broke out where the pain had been. Mamma said she thought it was the soreness coming out.

I liked the little letters about games. Will the children please write more of them.

I remain your friend,

Kied. Age 9 years.

TUBA, COCONINO CO., ARIZ.

DEAR LETTER-BOX: We take the JUVENILE, and I am interested in the children's letters. I was ten years old the 8th of January. I like to go to Primary, Sunday School and meetings. If this should be so fortunate as to get into the Letter-Box, I will try to do better next time.

Your new friend,

Janie Brinkerhoff.

GEORGETOWN, IDAHO.

DEAR LETTER BOX: I take pleasure in writing to you. I was eleven years old last August. I have one brother and three sisters. Our baby sister, we all think, is very sweet. I have been going to school; our teacher is Sister Alice Evans. I also go to Sunday School and Primary.

Your friend,

Harriet Hoff.

MONROE, SEVIER CO. UTAH.

DEAR LITTLE LETTER-BOX: I have a little sister three years old. She has a little dove which was given to her over a year ago. Some boys saw it and threw at it, and hit it in the eye. Then they brought it in and gave it to little sister. My little brother likes to see it, but does not like to get close to it because it would peck him. Our cousin wanted to buy the dove, but little sister told him he could have the cat.

Jennie Anderson. Age 10 years.

LOGAN, COLLEGE WARD.

DEAR LETTER-BOX: It is with pleasure I read the little letters in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR I go to school and read in the First Reader. I love to go to Sunday School and Primary, also Religion Class, so I can learn to be a good girl, and be useful in doing good.

Hattie Dunn. Age 7 years.

PRESTON, ONEIDA CO., IDAHO.

DEAR LITTLE LETTER-BOX.—Seeing the writing of so many little friends, I thought I would tell you how my little sister was burned, and how our Heavenly Father saved her. Papa and mamma were away, leaving me with my two little sisters, aged eight and two years, and my two brothers, aged six and four years. We had been out doors for a while. It was quite dark, so I took the children and went into the house and lighted the lamp. It was a large lamp. I set it on the table. My little sister, the baby, pulled down on one leaf of the table and tipped it up. The lamp fell over, the oil ran out and got on fire. The baby fell down by the side of the table and the burning oil spilled on her. The first thing I thought of was prayer, when I saw the fire. I picked the baby up and tried to put the fire out. I could feel the fire burning my hands. I started to get outdoors with the baby, but just as I got to the door my little sister, eight years old, who had gone to the well and got a bucket of water, threw it on the baby and put the fire out. I gave the baby to her, ran and got some more water and put the fire out in the house. By this time mamma, who had been down to our nearest neighbors, heard the noise and ran home. The baby was burned very badly; her golden curls were burned off. Her face and one side of her head were burned, also

her arms and hands were burned very badly. My hands were all burned in getting the baby out of the fire. She suffered a great deal, but I think it would have been lots worse if our Heavenly Father had not had His Holy Spirit around her. I think we should all thank the Lord for what He has done for us.

Your loving friend,

Maud West. Age 13 years.

VERMILLION, SEVIER CO., UTAH.

DEAR LITTLE LETTER-BOX.—I have wanted to write to you so long, and now I have a chance. I go to school and help mamma evenings and mornings, so I do not get much time to write. It is our dear little baby girls I wish to tell you about. They are twins; their names are Louell and Lenora. I can remember the morning they were born. We children slept upstairs, and papa came up to wake us. He said, "What do you think mamma has got?"

We said, "A baby," for we had heard one cry a little before that. Papa said, "Yes, mamma has got two babies, a pair of twin girls."

We were very glad and my sister Adell said, "Oh, that's good! But I wish mamma had got a boy too."

Mamma laughed when we told her, and said she was quite satisfied, if she could but care for and keep the two. They have been very, very sick twice, and we have had them administered to and they have been made well. We are so thankful that we have them yet. They are so well and cute now. They are more than a year old now. We have fed Louell cow's milk from a bottle, and she seems just as well and hearty as the other one. We all love them so that we think it a great blessing to have twins.

Georgie Hatch. Age 8 years.

SANTAQUIN, UTAH.

DEAR LETTER-BOX.—I am ten years old. I go to day school, Sunday School and Primary meetings, and think them all very nice. Some time I hope to be able to tell more in a letter than I can now.

Your friend,

Clara Peterson.

—

GUNNISON, UTAH.

DEAR LETTER-BOX.—I attend Sunday School, Primary, and Deacons' quorum meetings. I also go to everyday school. I have a little pet donkey, which likes to follow me all over. When I go to school it would like to go with me. The children's letters in the JUVENILE please me very much.

Your friend,

Albert E. Higham. Age 14 years.

—

MAPLETON, UTAH.

DEAR LETTER-BOX.—In the year 1894 I was ten years old. That year, on Arbor Day, I was climbing up a poplar tree, and when I got up about fifteen feet I fell and broke my leg. My sister picked me up and carried me about half-way home. Then a man carried me the rest of the way. The doctor put me to sleep with chloroform, and then set my leg. While I was kept indoors with my broken leg, my cousin came often to see me, which helped to pass the time off, and was very kind.

Ovilla Whiting. Age 13 years.

—

SNOWFLAKE, ARIZONA.

DEAR LETTER-BOX.—We have a nice school here, and also a good Primary. We had a Primary fair some months ago. I like to go to Sunday School, and to read the little letters which are printed in the Little Letter-Box.

Esther Smith. Age 10 years.

MIDWAY, UTAH.

DEAR LITTLE LETTER-BOX.—I go to school; my teacher is very good to me, and I learn fast. I have five brothers and six sisters. One of my little brothers is named Dean Delos. We take the JUVENILE, and I like the Letter-Box and I like Sunday School.

Yours truly,

Nancy Van Wagner, Age 8 years.

—

DESERET, MILLARD CO., UTAH.

DEAR LETTER-BOX.—I go to school and love my studies. I always like to be busy. In the summer time I help my papa in the field. I play the organ; when I was five years old I could play on it; but my mamma had to hold me because I was so small. I hope all my little friends will continue to write for the Letter-Box, for I love to read their letters. This is my first attempt to write to the INSTRUCTOR.

Your little friend.

Claudia Dewsnup. Age 10 years.

—

MAPLETON, UTAH.

DEAR LETTER BOX.—Once I went up the canyon to see grandma and some of our other folks. Pa said I might stay all night. As we were taking the horses to the pasture, we saw some fish in a little stream of water. I threw a stone at one and he swam into a hole; then I ran up and caught him and threw him out on the bank, and some of the other boys stopped him from flopping back into the water. We could not catch any more; they had all hid, but we had that one for breakfast. We had a good time while at grandma's; it is twelve miles from her place to ours.

Yours truly,

Charles L. Whiting. Age 11 years.

SNOWFLAKE, ARIZONA.

DEAR LETTER-BOX.—We have a very good school here. We like our teacher because she teaches us so many nice things. Her name is Miss Addie Sirrine. I have four sisers and two brothers. We like to read the letters in the JUVENILE.

Laura Ballard. Age 10 years.

A Warning to Boys.

SPANISH FORK, UTAH.

I will relate an accident which happened to me on September 7th, 1896. It was Labor Day, but my father went on with his work. I went to school and found what the lessons were, and then went home again. Father was loading hay into the barn; my little brother was riding the horse, and my older brother and cousin were helping. Father sent me up into the top of the barn to grease the pulley. The boys started the horse and the machinery while I was greasing the pulley, and my right hand was caught and my fingers badly torn and scraped. I had to miss school and carry my hand in a sling for ten weeks. When we came to think, we had not had family prayer that morning. Another time when we missed family prayer in the morning my brother fell from the ice-house and cut his face. I want to tell the boys that we think it is never safe to neglect to pray night and morning, and ask God to protect us from accident and dangers.

Your friend,

Archie Andrus. Age 13 years.

To the Little Folks.

SPANISH FORK, UTAH.

I will write about the twins we have at our home. On March 27th, 1896, mother had a pair of twin boys. They

have done well. One is much larger than the other. The little one is the quicker; he walked first. The larger one was so fat he could not hold himself up for a long time. Mother was a twin herself, and my elder brother was a twin, but the other died. When the sheep herds were going to the canyon I bought a sheep, and after awhile she had twin lambs. I was very glad. In a few weeks our old pet cow had a fine pair of twin calves. For awhile it took about all the milk we could get to feed all the twins, babies, lambs and calves. I think that I live in quite a twin community.

Henry Andrus. Age 11 years.

DEAR LITTLE LETTER-BOX.—I live in Lehi, near the sugar factory. My papa has raised beets for the factory ever since it came. Sometimes he gets more money for the beets than at other times. They were not so good last year as they were the year before. The beets have to be thinned out in the spring, and pulled, topped and hauled to the factory in the fall of the year. Last fall we had a good fair in Lehi. I patched a pair of pants and got the prize for having the neatest patch. The prize was a little bureau, with three drawers and a little looking-glass eight inches square. This is my first letter. Next time maybe I will do better.

Mary Gray. 9 years.

WOODRUFF, RICH CO., UTAH.

DEAR LETTER-BOX: I have read all the little letters and think them very nice; but I have not seen one from this place. I have a dog named Watch. His feet and ears are brown, and the rest of his body is black. He goes to school with me and then goes home. When it is nearly time for the school

to close he comes to the school-house and waits for me to come out. My school teacher is Miss Laura Hickman, and my teachers in the Sunday School are Sisters Annie Navill, Margaret Walker and Josephine Reed. I also go to Religion Class and try to learn all I can. I have four sisters and three brothers. Our baby is named Cyril Hall, after our great grandpa. My father is dead but I have a good, kind mother, and I try to help her all I can.

Elmer Sessions. Aged 10 years.

— — —
COLONIA DIAZ.

DEAR LETTER-BOX: I think some of the children would like to see a little letter from Mexico. I like to go to Sunday School, and day school, when mamma can spare me. I have one sister, and we have a sweet baby brother; his name is Marland; he was two years old at Christmas, and he is so cute. I help mamma do the work while my sister is at school. I fear my letter is getting too long, so I will close it.

Your little friend,

Elsie Harper, 9 years.

— — —
PAROWAN, UTAH.

DEAR LETTER-BOX: I like to go to school; my teacher's name is Miss Ella Clark. I go to Sunday School and Primary; I am eight years old in March. Mamma's sister came down to our house today; she has a little baby five months old; her name is Miriam; she has blue eyes and auburn hair; I am in the Third Grade. My little brother is going to school and is in the First Reader. He is six years old.

Your new friend,

Luella Adams.

MENDON, UTAH.

DEAR LITTLE LETTER-BOX: We had a nice time last Christmas; I got a doll and a picture book. I have three brothers; their names are Allen, Leone and Loyd; Loyd will soon be three years old; he has curly brown hair and black eyes. I go to school and have six studies.

Your new friend,

Pearl Willie. 10 years.

— — —
MAPLETON, UTAH.

DEAR LETTER-BOX: I will tell about a trip two of my friends and myself had hunting cattle. We started about ten o'clock in the morning; it was not quite noon when we reached the place where we were to have dinner; but it was the only place where we could get hay for our horses. The other boys thought we should find the cattle we were looking for a little farther on, but we did not see a cow. We stayed all night at one of my uncles, and the next day I returned home. My friends went on hunting cattle, but did not find any; they might as well have gone home when I did.

Your friend,

George Whiting. 12 years.

— — —
NOTE TO THE LITTLE FOLKS:—Some of our little friends seem to forget the suggestions given in our New Years letter, and referred to in a later number. It would be well for all the children to get the first of January INSTRUCTOR and read over the New Years letter, and try to improve by the hints there given. Study over the things you wish to tell about in your little letters, children, and try to give them in as few words as possible; and remember to write only on one side of the sheet.

L. L. G. Richards.

A MISSIONARY SONG.

MUSIC BY E. BEESLEY.

1. Be-hold on Cu-mora an an-gel there stands, And Jo-seph the Prophet is
 2. Thou greatly art blessed, thou noblest of earth, Now called in this last dis-pen-
 3. For good, or for e-vil, thy name shall be known, Thro' all times, all kindreds and
 4. "Go, Joseph, my son," "Yes, I go," he replied. The heavens rejoiced for to

near him, The records of Mormon he holds in his hands, While
 sa-tion, For the an-gels above thee a-ware of thy worth, Pro-
 nations; And ag-es to come yet, shall speak thy renown, In this
 hear him; For the gos-pel he lived, for the gos-pel he died, And a

list'-ning with rapture we hear him, Go, Jo-seph, my son, for thy
 claimed thee the head of the na-tions; Ordained and a-nointed on
 great-est of earth's dis-pen-sa-tions; All those who despise thee will
 mar-tyr's crown he is wear-ing; The broad flag of freedom The

Father on high, Hath ordain'd thee a Prophet, re-pentance to cry, And pre-
 earth thou shall stand, The keys of the kingdom be placed in thine hands, The
 yet have to know That thou art the chosen of God, here below, And be-
 Prophet unfurled, Soon its wide spreading folds shall en-cir-cle the world, While the

pare them to meet Him whose coming is nigh, For the Savior will come in His kingdom.
 brave sons of Michael o - bey thy command, Go teach them the laws of My kingdom.
 cause they reject thee their doom will be woe, When the Savior shall come in His kingdom.
 systems of men down to chaos be hurried, And the Savior will come in His kingdom.

MUSICAL DEPARTMENT.

THE coming Eisteddfod will be hailed by the music lovers of Salt Lake and surrounding localities, that can participate in the contests, with delight. It is the right thing to do, and should stir up a desire among students of the divine art to perfect themselves in their art. We would be pleased to see the string instruments come to the front and assert their rights. We trust that the good Cambrian Society will not forget them in offering prizes, both single and ensemble.

The concert given by the Orpheus Club, Jan. 27, in the Congregational Church, was a great success, financially as well as artistically, and we wish the club well in their endeavor to raise the standard of music. Their ensemble work was excellent. Mr. Peabody's good work with the club certainly was noticed by all. The shading of their numbers was very nicely worked out. Of the soloists, Miss Adalaide Beardsley of Denver, and Adans Oesen, whom it is said Nordica has engaged for next season, we must say we enjoyed the former much the better; her pure voice and clean cut execution proved very pleasing to the audience. We hope to have the privilege of hearing some of the great artists, under the auspices of

the club, in the future. The work done by the Quintette Club, should act as a stimulant to string performers, and also an incentive to the public to insist on having more. Let us have some cello performers.

The Salt Lake Opera Company is adding many beautiful operas to their repertoire, and all have been enjoyed by the public. "Said Pasha" was handsomely costumed, and many brilliant effects were produced. The "Minuet" was charmingly executed by the ladies of the chorus. Mr. Goddard's rich voice was heard to good advantage. Mr. Goddard, although he has a heavy voice, has the art of controlling it to harmonize to the most delicate voice that may be singing with him. Miss Savage, Miss Fisher, Mr. Pyper, Mr. Shearman all did well in their parts. Messrs. Spencer and Young in their comedy roles kept a mirthful feeling through the audience. We hope to hear much more of the company, and to see them climb higher and higher.

The testimonial tendered Prof. Evan Stephens, in the large Tabernacle, Monday, Feb. 28, caused quite a little stir. Many of Prof. Stephens' beautiful compositions were brought to light, and the public enjoyed the privilege of hearing them under the direction of the author.

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IN EFFECT FEBRUARY 5th, 1898.

LEAVES SALT LAKE CITY.

No. 2—For Provo, Grand Junction and all points East	9:00 a. m.
No. 4—For Provo, Grand Junction and all points East	7:40 p. m.
No. 6—For Bingham, Mt. Pleasant, Manti, Belknap, Richfield and all intermediate points	8:00 a. m.
No. 8—For Eureka, Payson, Provo and all intermediate points	5:00 p. m.
No. 3—For Ogden and the West	9:10 p. m.
No. 1—For Ogden and the West	12:30 p. m.
No. 42—Leaves Salt Lake City for Park City and intermediate points at	5:00 p. m.

ARRIVES AT SALT LAKE CITY.

No. 1—From Bingham, Provo, Grand Junction and the East	12:20 p. m.
No. 3—From Provo, Grand Junction and the East	9:05 p. m.
No. 5—From Provo, Bingham, Eureka, Belknap, Richfield, Manti and all intermediate points	5:25 p. m.
No. 2—From Ogden and the West	8:50 a. m.
No. 4—From Ogden and the West	7:30 p. m.
No. 7—From Eureka, Payson, Provo and all intermediate points	10:00 a. m.
No. 41—Arrives from Park City and intermediate points at	9:45 a. m.

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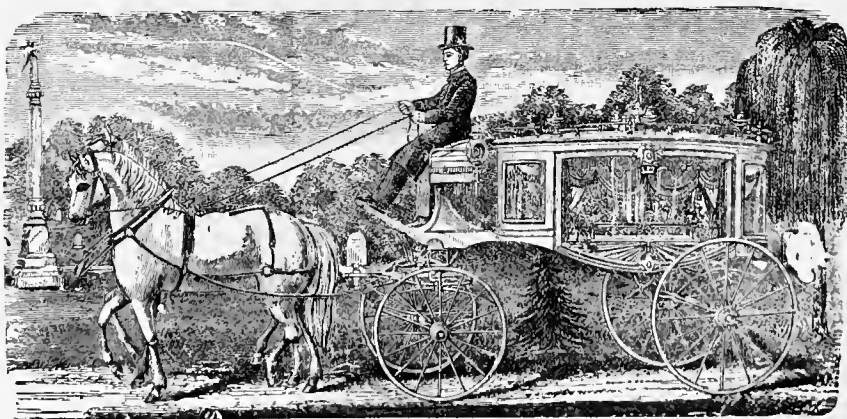
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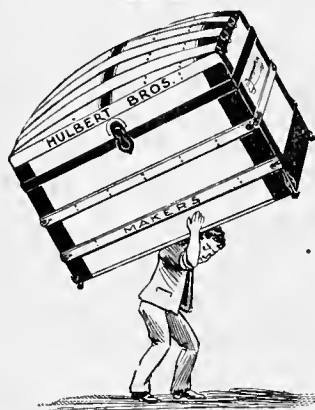
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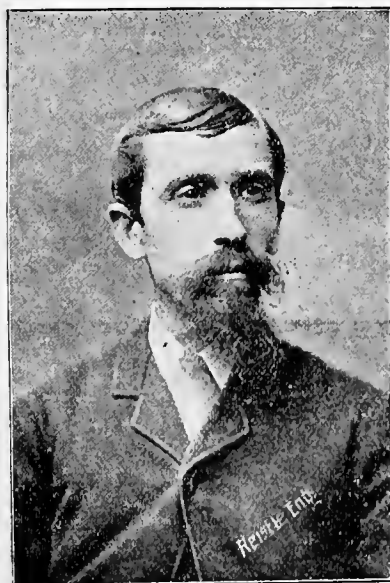
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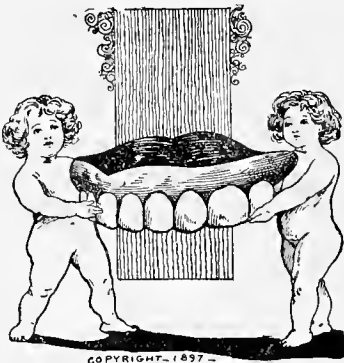
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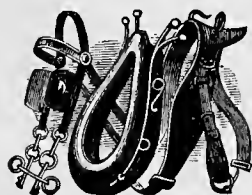
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